

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,037

OCTOBER 12, 1889

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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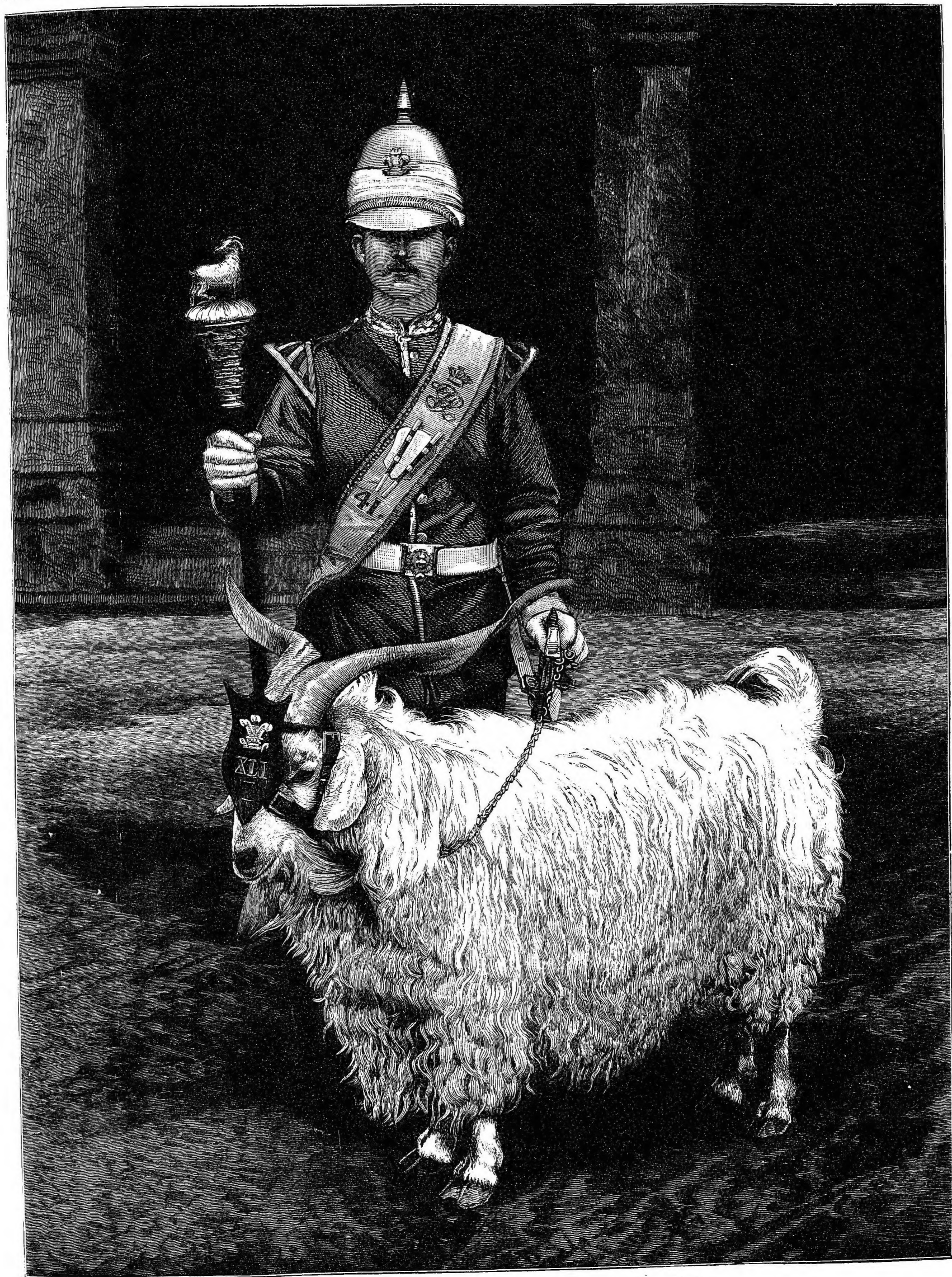
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889

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THE PET GOAT OF THE WELSH REGIMENT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CAIRO

Topics of the Week

CZAR AND KAISER.—It would be unreasonable to expect that any very important consequences will spring from the meeting of the Czar and the German Emperor. The policies of their respective countries are too deeply rooted to be much affected by an incident of this kind. Still, it is better for the world that the two Potentates should be willing to see one another occasionally, and to talk in a friendly way, than that they should give indications of mutual distrust and jealousy. The fact that they find opportunities of exchanging greetings is at least a sign that they are personally not unfavourable to the maintenance of peace. Every one knows that some day there may be a tremendous struggle in which Germany and Russia will be on opposite sides. Russia has abandoned none of her pretensions in South-Eastern Europe. She is as determined as ever that ultimately she shall obtain possession of Constantinople. That goal she cannot reach without annihilating the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy cannot be annihilated unless Germany is thoroughly defeated. The conflict, if it ever comes, will be the most terrible the world has seen, for France and Italy will also be in it, and we cannot feel sure that England will be able to stand aloof. The meetings of Sovereigns afford no guarantee that the calamity will be averted, but they may help to postpone the evil day, and therefore it is not unnatural that they should be watched with general interest. If the question depended solely on the decisions of the Czar and the Kaiser, we might hope that the cloud which has so long hung over Europe would be dispersed. Each of them would probably be only too glad if he could be assured that there would be peace in his time.

THE IRISH TENANTS' LEAGUE.—It is much to be regretted that the precarious condition of Mr. Parnell's health does not admit of his "personally conducting" the new anti-landlord organisation in Ireland. On the face of it, the Tenants' League wears a perfectly legitimate complexion. Traced much on the lines of an English Trade Union, it proposes to establish a general fund for the maintenance of evicted and other disputatious farmers when on strike against their landlords. In addition, it is to watch over the administration of justice "by the horde of unscrupulous partisans"—a glowing passage from Mr. Parnell's letter of counsel, which may be interpreted as meaning that the League will provide money for legal expenses. All this is merely Trade Unionism applied to the agricultural industry, and if one could only make sure that boycotting and intimidation do not lurk in the background, the experiment might be sympathetically regarded. Unhappily, the riotous proceedings which accompanied and followed the late dockers' strike justify considerable misgiving as to whether Irish tenants possess the patience and calmness required for industrial warfare on lawful lines. All the more cause for regret, therefore, that Mr. Parnell is not capable of directing the movement in person. He is always a model of patience and calmness when he gives his mind to the cultivation of those virtues; but his lieutenants are not built the same way, their zeal being, as a rule, considerably in excess of their discretion. We sincerely hope, therefore, that the Irish leader will soon recover his health sufficiently to allow of his crossing St. George's Channel. The air of Tipperary, where the League is to begin its operations, bears the reputation of being exceptionally salubrious, particularly in cases of gastric complaints.

TRAMCAR AND OMNIBUS MEN.—Politics, in the ordinary restricted sense of the word, arouse a very languid interest at the present time. The elaborate addresses of such men as Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Sir William Harcourt fall flatly on the popular ear. Probably not one newspaper reader in twenty is at the pains to wade through them. They are quite content to have the pith of these orations presented in a succinct summary. But the public are genuinely interested in the threatened strikes and proposed labour-combinations which are being developed in every direction; and, what is more, they listen with sympathetic ears to the grievances which are brought before their notice. Among others, the tramcar and omnibus *employés*, whose hours of work are unusually prolonged, are taking advantage of the prevailing popular sentiment, and are once more endeavouring, on this occasion under the leadership of Lord Rosebery, to obtain some alleviation of their condition. But, as we pointed out last week, there are formidable obstacles in the way; and the letter of "A London Tramway Manager," in Wednesday's *Times*, indicates very clearly what these obstacles are. The daily street passenger traffic of London extends, roughly speaking, over sixteen hours—that is, from 8 A.M. till 12 P.M.; and omitting certain small concessions, such as a few hours off duty on one day of the week, the drivers and conductors have to be on duty during the whole of that time. Compared with such manual labour as involves a continuous muscular strain, the work may not be severe; but, nevertheless, it is work, and work so prolonged that the subject of it has practically no leisure. Sleep, hurried meals,

and professional duty swallow up the whole of his twenty-four hours. No one will venture to assert that this is the ideal life for a human being to live. Nevertheless, it is not easy to discover a really feasible remedy. The public will not consent to shorten the hours of street-traffic. They will not consent to stay at home after 9 P.M., or to use their legs if out after that hour. Nor, on the other hand, are the tramcar and busmen willing to accept lower wages for a shorter day's work. What they want is a shorter period of labour, with no reduction of wages. But to accomplish this effectually, a double shift of *employés* would be required, and the increased expense caused by this alteration would in all cases lessen the proprietors' profits by one half, and, in some cases, would extinguish them altogether. Even a general raising of fares would not meet the difficulty, for numbers who ride when the fare is a penny would, if it were raised to twopence, or even three-halfpence, elect to use "Shanks's mare." It is a painful fact that directly the public finds its comfort or its pocket affected, sentiment is laid aside, and self-interest rules supreme.

EXIT GENERAL BOULANGER.—General Boulanger has betaken himself to Jersey, and the fact may be regarded as an indication that he realises how thoroughly he has been beaten. The probability seems to be that in future we shall hear very little about him. Titania, while under the spell cast over her by Oberon, found infinite charm in Bottom the Weaver. When the spell was broken, she could only cry out in wonder, "What visions have I seen!" So France, having recovered her good sense, finds it hard to understand how she can have allowed herself to be fascinated by the showy, and rather fantastic, General. Some day, in a moment of caprice, she may deliver herself over to a Pretender; but it is most unlikely that she will ever choose as her master the man whom she has now so decisively rejected. Unfortunately, however, it is anything but certain that the Republic has before it a time of calm and steady progress. The moderate Republicans, although their numbers have been increased, do not form a majority of the new Chamber, so that it will still be in the power of the Radicals, if they choose from time to time to combine with the Opposition, to overthrow Ministries, and to prevent the development of any consistent scheme of legislation. Those who care for the solid welfare of France can only hope that M. Clémenceau and his followers, remembering the dangers to which the Republic has been exposed, will be content, at least for a while, with such measures as may command the assent of all Republicans. If they show themselves unreasonable, there will be a magnificent chance for those of the Royalists and Imperialists who are more devoted to their country than to party. These politicians, by uniting with the Moderate Republicans, might secure for France a long period of peace and prosperity.

SAILORS IN CONGRESS.—It seems quite like old times come back to see the philanthropic Mr. Plimsoll straining in the leash to get at the shoddy shipowner. Not less pleasant is it to observe that the freshness of his crusading spirit shows no sign of abatement. His speeches at the opening of the Cardiff Congress had all the old ring, especially in connection with overloading, and unseaworthiness. Nor, it must be confessed, were his statements devoid of the tendency to exaggeration which used to give his critics such scope for sarcasm. It was certainly a blunder to call for the prohibition of deck-loads in the Atlantic during winter, when an Act of Parliament, now in force, imposes a penalty of 5*l.* per ton on every offending vessel. Enthusiasm, especially "the enthusiasm of humanity," is, however, so prone to overshoot the mark that the public will not think much the worse of Mr. Plimsoll for proposing to slay the slain. Most of the other demands set forth in the Cardiff programme of reforms seem legitimate enough. No one will dispute that overloading still needs to be checked, nor that the compulsory construction of water-tight bulkheads would save numbers of lives. It will also be admitted as reasonable, by those conversant with the sort of fare Jack gets on blue water, that the provisions intended for his use should be officially examined at the port of departure. Neither would the sleeping accommodation on board be any the worse for having to pass through a similar ordeal; while there will be few to gainsay the proposition that every vessel should be compelled to carry a given number of A.B.'s in proportion to her tonnage. These are thoroughly practical reforms, on which public opinion may be trusted to speak with a single voice.

HOME-MADE v. BAKERS' BREAD.—The threatened strike of the London bakers has, at any rate, elicited an interesting newspaper correspondence, and a feeble effort has been made to induce people to make and bake their own loaves. We say feeble, because out of the number of Londoners who have read these recommendations only a few will try the experiment, and only a small percentage of that few will persist in making themselves independent of the professional artist. The fact is that modern Londoners lack that homeliness and simplicity of living which is requisite for the successful management of such domestic enterprises. It implies a mistress who is no gadabout or gossip, but whose interests are mainly centred in her household, and who is

seconded by skilful, cleanly, and economical subordinates. In this mighty Babylon there are doubtless many such mistresses and servants, but few will venture to assert that they form the majority. And where these conditions do not exist, home-baking will, we fear, prove a disappointment. Even in Yorkshire, where home-baking is a traditional practice—and long may it last!—mishaps occasionally occur. Something goes wrong with the oven or the yeast, and then the family, if fairly frugal and tractable, have to munch a batch of loaves so ill-made that if obtained from a baker they would be sent back without a moment's hesitation. It is very doubtful whether the youthful Londoners of the middle classes—with their self-indulgent ways—would patiently endure such an ordeal as this. They would at once become Boulangists, and vote for the reinstatement of the professional bread-maker. By the way, as bakers have had a bad name ever since the days of the Pharaoh who put Joseph in ward, we are glad to see that the recent correspondence has tended to explode some of the legends which are told against them. We are assured, on competent authority, that it is very rare nowadays for alum to be used for the purpose of whitening discoloured flour; and milling improvements have of late years been so enormous that the public could get excellent bread from the bakers on one single condition—namely, that they should pay a more liberal price than they are often inclined to do.

IRISH MEMBERS AT WESTMINSTER.—Those politicians who are eager that Mr. Gladstone should pronounce decisively in favour of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster ought not to feel sure that he has even yet given the desired pledge. He says that in his speech at Singleton Abbey he declared "that the public sense appeared to be in favour of the retention of the Irish members, and that, this being so, he was perfectly prepared to accede to this alteration." But in the Singleton Abbey speech no such statement was made. Moreover, the statement, such as it is, does not absolutely commit Mr. Gladstone to any particular course. If he had a majority, he might be able to persuade himself that "the public sense" had changed, and then, of course, the reason for "this alteration" would no longer exist. Even if it may be assumed that he has finally decided to retain the Irish members, it does not follow that he is ready to give full satisfaction to those who originally objected to their exclusion. What was wanted was some arrangement which should secure the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It was maintained that in the last resort Irish affairs would have to be controlled in London, and the demand for the continued presence of the representatives of Ireland was urged simply in order that the control might be exercised wisely and fairly. Has Mr. Gladstone ever said a word which appears to indicate that his scheme of Home Rule accords with these conditions? He asserts, indeed, that, if his proposals were accepted, the Imperial Parliament would still be supreme; but in what sense it would possess any real power on the other side of St. George's Channel he does not condescend to explain. If his intention is that the Dublin Parliament shall be virtually independent, and that, at the same time, Irish members shall have the right of interfering with English and Scottish Legislation, it is incredible that his plan will ever commend itself to the sober judgment of the British people. Irishmen can scarcely be so unreasonable as to suppose that they will be allowed to take part in the settlement of our difficulties if we are to have no hand in the settlement of theirs.

VOLUNTEER FIELD EQUIPMENT.—The military problem which Lord Mayor Whitehead attempted to solve for the London Volunteers during his term of office still has to be faced outside Metropolitan boundaries. Neither the towns nor the counties have yet followed the Mansion House initiative; they modestly hold back, as if waiting for the *deus ex machina* of State aid. That, perhaps, would have been the best solution in the first instance, but when Lord Wolseley, flashing the lightnings of the War Office and Horse Guards, intimated that any corps which did not supply itself would lose the Government grant, State assistance was put out of the question. Recognising the unprofitableness of further procrastination, Lord Wantage has started a local subscription-list to supply the field requirements of the Berkshire Volunteers. As the amount needed is only between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*, we make little doubt that it will be forthcoming during the present year. But all counties are not so well to do as Royal Berkshire, and in their case the carrying out of the Wolseley menace would be equivalent to disbandment. Not a single Volunteer regiment in the kingdom could keep its muster-roll full without the Government grant; the vast majority would be reduced to instant bankruptcy by its withdrawal. For, as Lord Wantage pointed out, the well-to-do young fellow who used to take a turn at soldiering in the Volunteer ranks now holds aloof, except in a few crack corps like the Artists' and the London Scottish. The consequence is that the regimental funds have to defray many expenses which used to be cheerfully borne by the members individually, and the greater part of these funds is derived from the State grant. Equipment or no equipment, it cannot be withdrawn, whatever the Adjutant-General may say in the plenitude of his wisdom.



"SILVIA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. E. PERUGINI, EXHIBITED IN "THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES
"Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ACT IV, SC. 4

JUDICIAL SEPARATION AND MAINTENANCE.—A case was heard in one of our Police Courts the other day which was in itself not in the least remarkable or exceptional, being unfortunately typical of hundreds of others. There was a time, not so very long ago, when our merciful system of law afforded little protection to a wife from a brutal or drunken husband. She could punish him for actual violence, but if she left him she forfeited all claim to his assistance, while he could legally dispossess her of any property which her own exertions had obtained. Fortunately this iniquitous state of affairs has now been altered, and the injured wife can obtain some redress, though not until she has gone through the dreadful ordeal of personal violence. In the case referred to above, the prisoner, who was alleged to be able to earn from 25s. to 30s. a week, but who "drank it all away," was charged with committing a peculiarly brutal assault on his wife. The magistrate sentenced the culprit to six months' imprisonment with hard labour (one wishes he could have added a strong dose of "cat" as well), granted the wife a judicial separation, and ordered the prisoner to pay her twelve shillings a week from the time he left prison. This (except for the absence of the highly necessary "cat") sounds extremely satisfactory. But we should like some further enlightenment concerning the last clause of the penalty. When Mr. Cuss (a very appropriate name) comes out of "quod," will Mrs. Cuss get that twelve shillings a week regularly? Does he have to pay the money through the police, or direct to his separated spouse? Supposing he fails to pay, will he be pulled up for the omission? Because it seems to us rather like the proverbial blood from a stone to expect a drunken, brutal fellow to hand over half his earnings to a woman over whom he has no longer any legal conjugal rights. What we desire to know is whether these maintenance orders are strictly enforced, or whether they are suffered to lapse, owing to the difficulty of getting the money, and the natural unwillingness of the wife to run the risk of further brutal treatment.

MUSIC HALLS.—The Licensing Committee of the London County Council has been spreading terror among the proprietors of these establishments, and no doubt there is much to be said for the course it has adopted. It would be foolish to condemn all music halls, but of a good many of them it certainly cannot be said that their influence has been wholesome. The Council will have the support of public opinion in seeking to prevent "obscenity in speech and action, and the deliberate encouragement of vice." Beyond this point, however, it ought not to attempt to go. It is much to be regretted that any class of the population should find pleasure in coarse and vulgar songs and dances. We must hope that a better time is coming, when amusements will be as popular as they are now; but when there will be nothing in them to shock or annoy persons of good taste. But that time is still, probably, a long way off. At present, however much the fact may be deplored, we must recognise that a great many people like to sit at tables where they can smoke, drink, and talk, and enjoy entertainments which touch no refined feeling, and make no appeal to the imagination. To try to remedy the evil by municipal decrees or by Acts of Parliament would be to enter upon an utterly hopeless crusade. The result might even be that the state of things would be made worse instead of better. Let the Council insist that there shall be no violation of the ordinary rules of decency; in doing that, it will be well within its rights, and may, without difficulty, achieve success. But within these limits the improvement of taste must be left to the slow action of deeper forces than any over which the Council can have control. Perhaps it might do well to permit, as far as possible, the representation of short dramatic pieces in music halls. Skilful managers would thus have an opportunity of making their entertainments more attractive, without having recourse to methods which they know to be directly or indirectly injurious.

"YESSIR."—That a large number of hotel and restaurant waiters are every whit as badly off as the dockers may appear incredulous to those whom they attend. Are they not charged for in the bill, and do they not also get pretty frequent tips which must amount in the aggregate to a considerable sum? Well paid, indeed, would these slaves of the table be if they received all that the public give. Unhappily, the bulk of it goes, not into their pockets, but into those of the proprietors. The attendance charge is, we believe, invariably confiscated; while in not a few cases the waiter has to pay a fixed sum per day for the chance of reaping a harvest of tips. It is said, too, that the public are not so liberal as in the good old times before the innovation of charging for attendance. John Bull naturally objects to pay twice over for the same service, and when he brings himself to do it his reluctance manifests itself in a very much diminished dole. In this case, therefore, it is clear that the blame for the miserable scale of remuneration rests exclusively on the laws of supply and demand. If any proprietor were to resolve to pay his waiters at a rate proportionate to their long hours of toil, and not to the market value of such toil, he would find himself undersold by others in the trade. It is, no doubt, a dim perception that there are far too many of their fraternity on offer, which moves the wrath of the English waiters against

the foreign element. Only in a few instances does John Bullism prompt this hostility; the predominating feeling among the English section is that the aliens are too submissive, and too willing to accept low wages sooner than make a fight for better. But foreigners often accept low wages for the sake of learning English. It is precisely the same complaint that English clerks make against foreign interlopers in their industry. But neither waiters nor clerks will ever get their grievances redressed until they learn to combine in defence of their respective interests.

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY.—The recent correspondence on this interesting subject has, we trust, helped to clear away some popular misconceptions. If it could be conclusively shown that the want of punctuality which is so often complained of was due to habitual wilful neglect, or to some faulty arrangements which might easily be corrected, there would be strong grounds for invoking Government interference. But the evidence is all the other way. When trains fail to keep the time set forth in the official time-tables, the failure is nearly always due to causes which are practically unavoidable. Complaints are principally rife during the tourist season, when travellers for pleasure are abundant, and their baggage still more abundant. A few minutes' extra delay at half-a-dozen small stations in getting luggage in or out of the vans may easily make a train half-an-hour late before it reaches its destination. "But you should have extra porters at these stations!" cries Mr. Unreasonable. Yes, and what would the railway dividends be—they are small enough already—if extra hands had to be put on to meet a demand which occurs only for part of the year, and only for a few moments during the day? Then our railway system is not an aggregate of independent entities; it forms one vital whole, so that when one member suffers all the members suffer also. Modern railway managers are very chary of altering the times of their trains, because such alteration will almost infallibly necessitate changes on other lines also; and for the same reason an engine off the rails in Lancashire may dislocate the traffic of regions a hundred miles away. And here a word about the Southern lines, which are popularly presumed to be case-hardened offenders against punctuality. They are unpunctual, but they have a valid excuse—because of the delays they encounter just as they leave or enter London, owing to the number of junctions and the meagreness of the accommodation for crossing the Thames. On the whole, we may be very fairly content with our railway management. Cross to the Continent and note the difference, except in the few cases where British enterprise has stimulated the local torpor. Trains slow and few, extra payment for speed, extra payment for luggage, and universal official collapse in the presence of a breakdown which one of our station-masters would set right in a quarter of an hour.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "SILVIA," from the Picture by C. E. Perugini, in the "The Graphic" Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines.

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"BILLY," THE GOAT OF THE WELSH REGIMENT

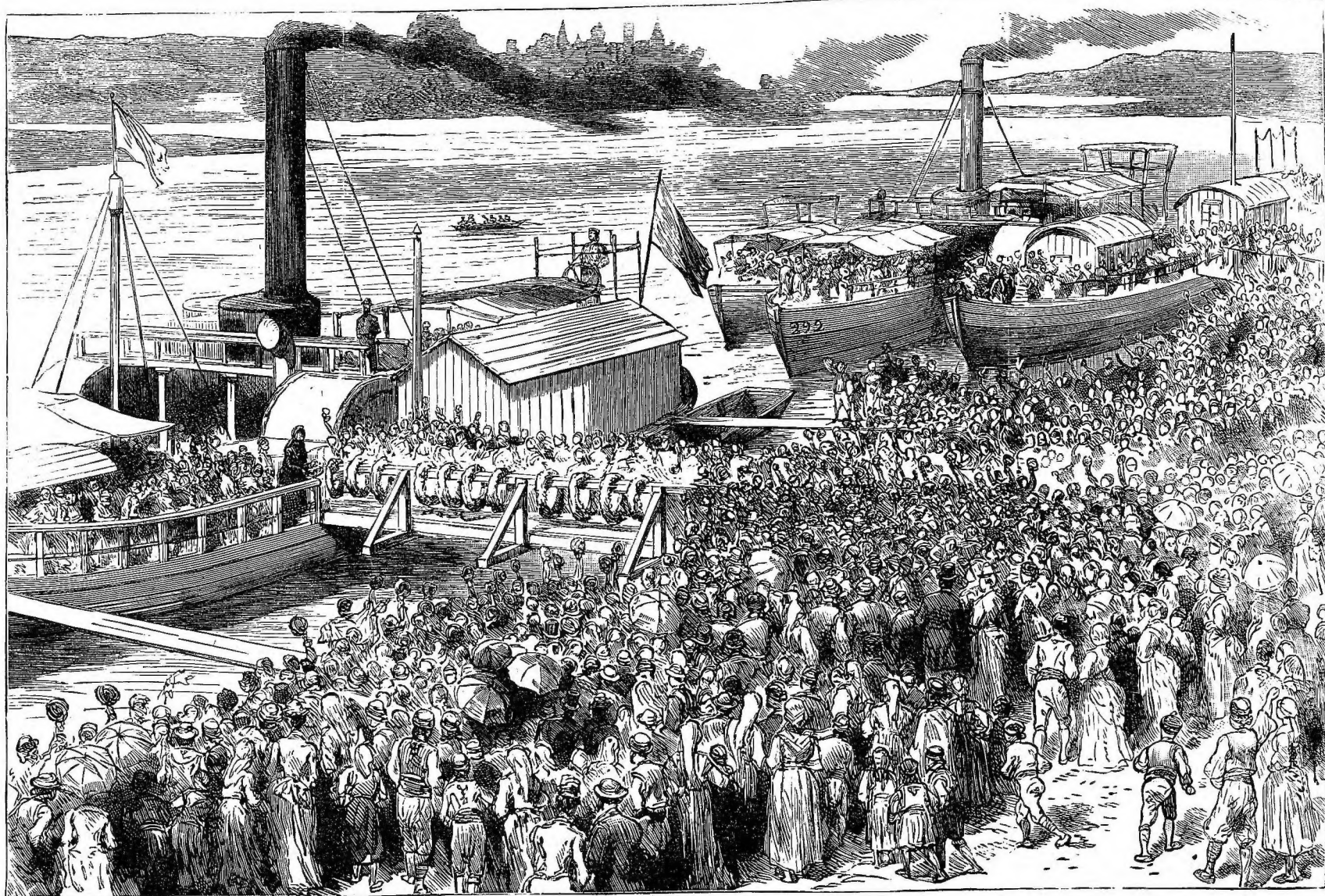
BILLY, the goat of the Welsh Regiment (the old 41st), is a magnificent specimen of the Angora breed. He was obtained as a kid, in 1886, by the Regiment, near Rorke's Drift, on the borders of Natal and Zululand. He is now just three and a half years old, and has recently been staying with his Regiment at Cairo, where he has been greatly admired, though, from the fact that he is not a friendly animal, he was recently mentioned in the *World* as the "Terror of Cairo." Our engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Captain F. S. L. Penno, Adjutant of the Welsh Regiment.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREECE LEAVING VENICE

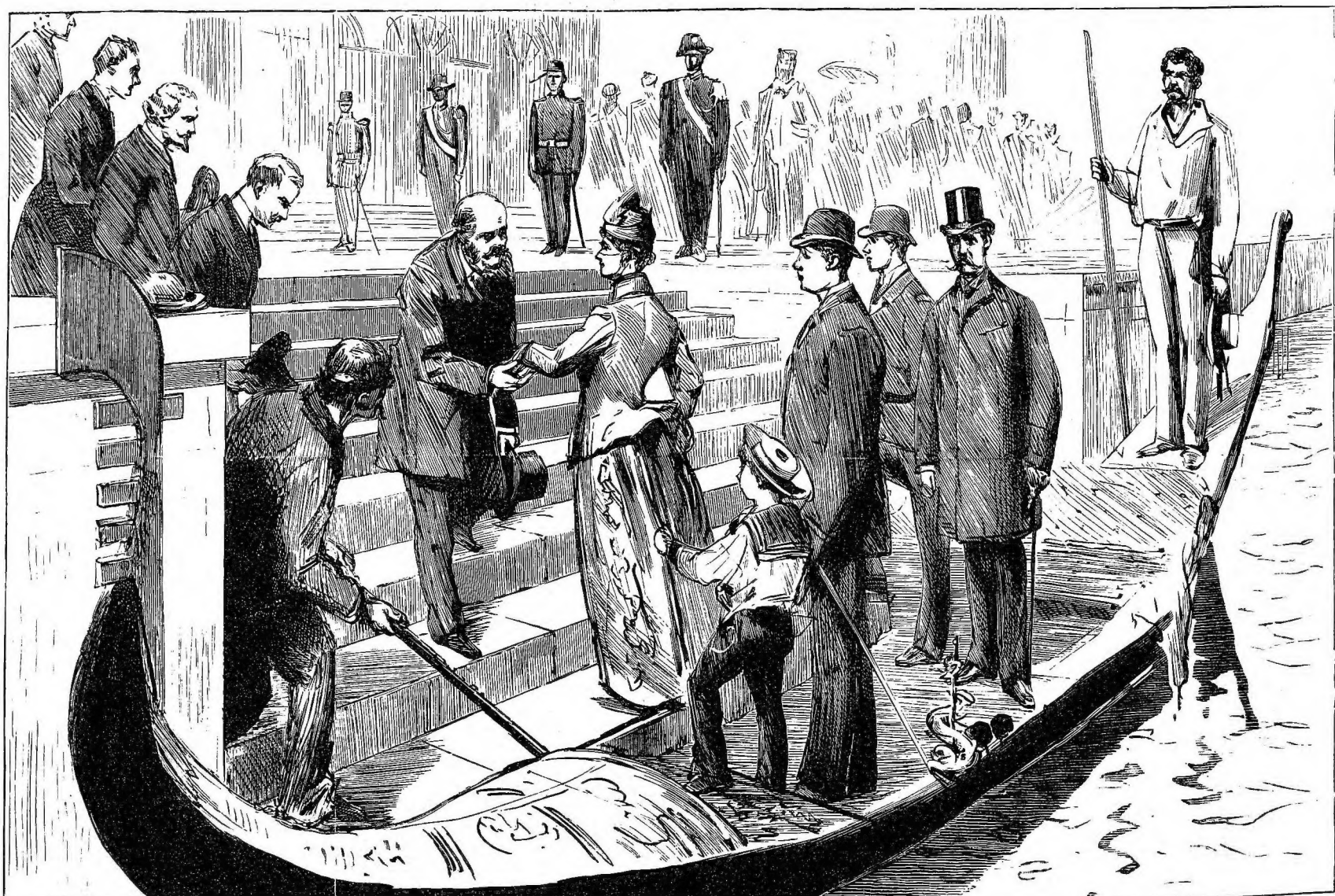
THE King and Queen of Greece, with the other members of the Royal Family, arrived at Athens last Saturday, having started from Venice on the 2nd inst. While at Venice, they stayed at the Britannia Hotel, and the Greek Consul conducted them to the railway station. Our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. Henry Cumming, represents their departure. Their Majesties had a most cordial reception at the railway station at Athens, where all the officials had assembled to welcome them after their prolonged absence in Central and Northern Europe. Their immediate object in returning is, of course, to prepare for the approaching marriage of the Duke of Sparta, heir to the Greek throne, with the Princess Sophie, daughter of the Empress Frederick, and sister of the German Emperor. The Emperor is expected to arrive at Athens on October 26th, and to stay five days, after which he will proceed direct to Constantinople.

ARRIVAL OF QUEEN NATALIE IN SERBIA

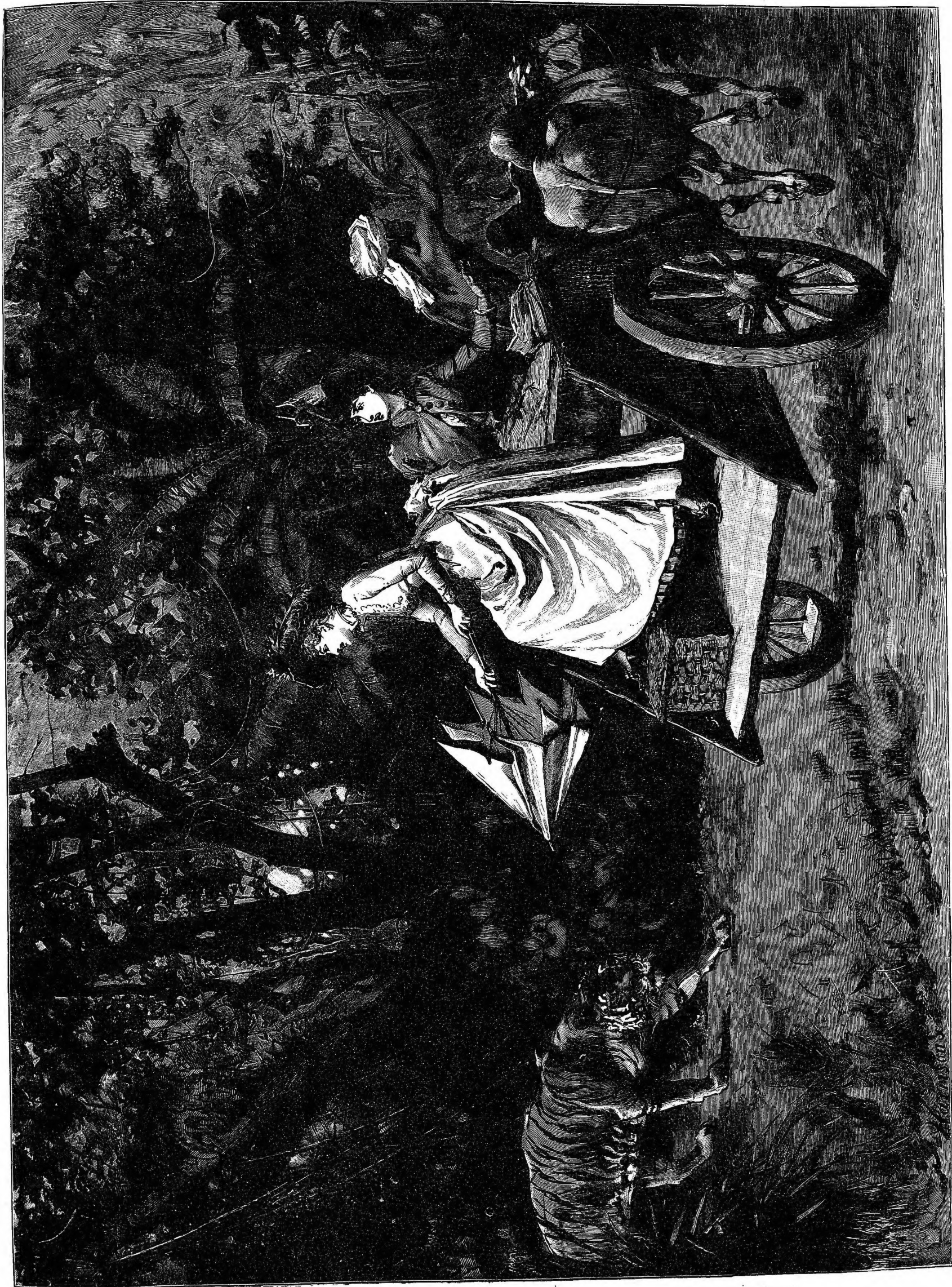
THE unfortunate quarrels between King Milan and Queen Natalie, which terminated in the former resigning his claim to the throne in favour of his son, have placed both the kingdom of Serbia, and, indeed, the peace of Europe generally, in great peril. Ex-King Milan seems to be hankering after a resumption of the authority which he had voluntarily abandoned; while his worthy help-mate is full of grievances—one of the chief of these being that she had not been allowed to see her son since he was taken from her at Wiesbaden. Her opponents assert that this separation was all owing to her own fault, and that she might have had occasional interviews with him, and might have enjoyed his society for three weeks at a time, if she had consented to a few natural conditions, one of which was that she should not abuse her son's father in the boy's presence. Anyway, she was thoroughly dissatisfied, and proclaimed her intention of returning to Belgrade, in order, as she said, that she might see her son. The Regents were in mortal fear of her coming, thinking that her presence might stir up strife which would end in the destruction of their authority, and they strongly advised that the long-desired interview with her royal progeny should take place in Roumania, and not on Serbian territory. Queen Natalie, however, is a woman of strong will; she said she would come to Belgrade, and come she did. The strenuous efforts which the Regents made to show that her visit was sanctioned by no official authority added to the warmth of her reception. They would not allow the young King to meet her; they ordered that if she presented herself at the palace she should be refused admittance; the sentries were told not to salute her; and neither military, diplomatic, or Ministerial authorities received her when she landed. But, on the other hand, five-and-twenty thousand Servians welcomed her with the utmost enthusiasm. There were flowers, flags, fireworks, and illuminations galore; and, such is the contrariety of human nature, that, if she had been the most model wife that ever existed, she would probably not have been half so warmly received. The simple explanation is, that when a woman is believed to be the victim of persecution, and is also plucky and pretty, she will never lack ardent defenders.



THE RETURN OF QUEEN NATALIE TO SERBIA—GREAT POPULAR RECEPTION AT BELGRADE



THE APPROACHING ROYAL WEDDING AT ATHENS
THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY LEAVING VENICE FOR THE PIRÆUS



LADIES' ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER IN INDIA
"I don't think I for one will ever wish to see a real live tiger again out of the Zoo, though I am glad to have done so safely."—Extract from a letter by one of the Ladies

THE LADY AND THE TIGER

ONE evening this summer two ladies stopping at the Pachmarhi Hill Station, Central Provinces, India, drove in a bullock *tonga* to see the view from a neighbouring hill. The prospect of the thick jungle stretching away for apparently hundreds of miles caused them to remark upon the wonderful capacities of India for harbouring big game, and said one of them, "How I should like to see a real live tiger, just once, in his native glen!" The wish was soon gratified. The sun was beginning to sink, so they returned to the *tonga*, and started to drive homewards by an unfrequented track cleared through the jungle. Soon they came to a rather open space, and "all of a sudden," says Mrs. A. H. Brackenbury, who sends us the sketch, "on looking up I saw what I at first thought to be the stump of a felled tree about thirty yards off the roadway. As we drew a little nearer I saw it was moving. 'Look,' I said to my friend, 'it's a panther.' Fortunately the bullocks did not scent him, or they would have bolted, and probably upset the *tonga*, and we should have been at the tender mercy of the beast. As we were passing him he left the tree under which he had been standing, and came towards us in a crouching manner, as if making ready for a spring. We then saw it was a tiger, and a very fine one, the stripes on his shoulder showing distinctly. To say we were not frightened would be wide of the mark, especially as he moved parallel with us for about twenty yards, keeping his eye upon us the whole time, and looking as if determined to have at least one of us for a meal." However, no such disaster occurred, and the tiger did not return from this ride "with the lady inside," like the one in the rhyme. The driver whipped up his bullocks, the ladies shouted and yelled, and one of them suddenly opened and shut her white umbrella. This apparently frightened the tiger, who disappeared into the bush. Nevertheless, the ladies were not sorry to reach home in safety, and agreed that they never wanted to see a real live tiger again out of the Zoo. We regret to have to add that the gentlemen immediately set to work to organise a hunt. By this time, therefore, the gallant tiger is very likely no more.

VIEWS IN THE PROVINCE OF MENDOZA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

IF the reader looks at the map of the Argentine Republic (or La Plata, as it used to be called), he will observe that it occupies a large portion of the central and southern part of South America, extending from the Cordillera of the Andes in the West to the Atlantic in the East, and, while touching the tropic on the North, embraces within its limits on the South the inhospitable regions of Patagonia. One of the eastern provinces abutting on the Andes is called Mendoza. It has a population of about 60,000 persons, and a capital city of the same name. A large portion of this city was overwhelmed by a terrible earthquake which occurred in 1861. The city of Mendoza is pleasantly situated on a level plain 2,891 feet above sea-level, and about fifty-five miles from the volcano of Aconcagua. It is compact and well-built, for the most part of sun-burnt bricks, plastered and whitewashed, and contains some fine buildings. The houses have gardens and orchards attached to them. The vast treeless plains of the interior of the Argentine Republic are, as a rule, only suited for the pasturage of sheep and cattle; but on the eastern slopes of the Andes, where dense forests are found, and where the soil is more fertile, crops are raised with success, and more would be done in this direction were it not that this region is so distant from the La Plata river and from the seaports of the Republic. As it is, the vine is extensively grown, and a good deal of strong and full-bodied wine and brandy is sent from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres.

VIEWS IN SANTIAGO DE CHILI

THE first of these engravings shows the expiatory monument erected to commemorate the terrible disaster at the Church of the Campana, Santiago, on the evening of December 8th, 1863. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, the church was brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with worshippers, when some of the combustible ornaments took fire, the conflagration spread, and upwards of two thousand persons, mostly women, perished, the means of egress being utterly insufficient.

The second engraving represents the hill of Santa Lucia and part of the public walk or Alameda of Santiago, whence is visible the grandest display of mountain scenery to be found in the world. Here, in 1541, was buried Don Pedro of Valdivia, and his mistress. One day, when he had gone to fight the Araucanos, she remained on the hill of Santa Lucia, in the company of sixty Cacique prisoners. Not feeling herself safe, she beheaded them all with her own hands. On this hill, which rises in the centre of the city, there is now an astronomical observatory, and a museum of books and other objects of interest relating to the Republic.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 445.

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON, II.

See page 443.

"OTTER HUNTING.—CLOSE QUARTERS"

IN the "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports" we read:—"Otter hunting in olden times was a very favourite variety of the chase, and after the manner of those times was followed with all due formalities. The otter hunter's vest, or green dress, was either bordered or turned up with red. A cap of fur, with a gold band, was worn, and by a few it was even surmounted by a small dyed ostrich feather. Waterproof boots which reached to the fork were then frequent, and are still used, but were then graced by the *exquisites* of that day with gold or red tassels."

And further on, speaking of the time of writing, "The otter spear being an essential accompaniment to this sport," the writer goes on to describe the various forms of spear used, and proceeds:—"We hardly need observe that in all organised otter hunts each attendant is armed with one of these spears: sometimes an attendant carries a spare one, or even two, to replace one lost by being thrown into deep water or into very precipitous places, which the cunning of the otter often makes him seek. . . . We have already hinted at the subordinate use of the otter spear as a leaping pole by which moderately wide rivers may be crossed without wading." Now, all this is changed. The huntsmen, and sometimes the members of the hunt, it is true, are distinguished by their green, blue, or red jackets or shirts, but the "boots reaching to the fork" have given place to breeches or knickerbockers, and the spear has entirely disappeared, and is now replaced by a staff or pole which may be of use in the chase, but not for the purpose of killing the otter. The hounds must now kill the otter in fair chase, or the huntsman must capture by "tailing" him—no easy task. No sport, perhaps, is more picturesque than the pursuit of this deadly enemy of the finny tribe, and few who have joined in it will forget the deep full music of the pack on the trail of this agile quarry, and the lovely bits of river scenery through which it oftentimes leads them. Unlike fox, or hare, or stag hunting, otter hunting is a summer sport, and heavy rains and floods will stop the hunting of the otter, as frost will stop hunting of another kind. The otter hunter must depend on his own strength and legs, or see very little of the sport, and on a warm

summer morning it is exercise enough to satisfy any one to hunt the otter for miles up or down a rocky stream. But what a pleasure it is to follow the hounds up some lonely river or clear mountain stream; the otter hunter or the angler pass through scenery such as few others explore. In our illustration the hunt seems nearly ended. No doubt this otter is a stout old dog, and he has led his foes a long chase through water and over rocks and shore, but unless he can once more dodge his pursuers, dive from their sight, and gain some safe "holt" or "hover," his hours are numbered. Otter hunting begins, if waters permit, some time in April, and ends in September.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS, II.

See pp. 455 *et seqq.*

THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY AT THE ANTIPODES

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. G. R. Ashton, represents the distribution of the awards of the Royal Humane Society in the Town Hall at Melbourne. The kind of mishaps which call forth the intervention of a charitable association of this sort are more numerous in colonial life (proportionately to the population) than they are at home, owing to the rough character of the country, and the carelessness which seems to be a characteristic of all young communities. Among the persons present are represented Sir William Robinson, who is administering the government of Victoria during the interregnum between Sir Henry Loch and Lord Hopetoun, the Bishop of Melbourne, Sir Arthur Nicholson, and the Commandant of the Naval Forces.

RAILWAY EXTENSION IN THE MALAY PENINSULA

THE ceremony of the cutting of the first sod of the Ulu Selangor Extension, Selangor State Railway, took place at Kwala Lumpur, the thriving chief town of the protected native State of Selangor, on Monday, August 26th. Mr. W. E. Maxwell, C.M.G., British Resident, performed the task of cutting the sod with a handsome silver-mounted *chang'ol* or hoe, which was afterwards presented to him at the public luncheon by Mr. Murray Campbell, who, with Mr. Fowke, have undertaken the building of this new line. Kwala Lumpur held high holiday for the occasion; almost all the Europeans in Selangor were present, and a large party of visitors came up from Singapore to join in the festivities. The land of the Second Northamptonshire (58th Regiment) was also sent up to Kwala Lumpur, by the kind permission of the military authorities, and their presence contributed greatly to the success of the function. The Chinese and Malays of the town were delighted with the music, and on the departure of the Singapore contingent the Selangor Sikhs asked leave to form a voluntary guard of honour at the railway station. A ball and a cricket match were the other attractions of the two days' visit, the 58th Bandmen with three officers winning against Selangor by six runs, after a fine finish.

It was much regretted that neither the Governor of the Straits Settlements, Sir Cecil Smith, nor Mr. Swettenham, C.M.G., the previous British Resident, could attend. Much of the pro-

to be given to the friends of the deceased, comprising portraits of the late Minister, betel boxes, snuff and tobacco boxes, and a great variety of umbrellas. The proceedings began by processions bearing the bodies of the deceased noblemen from their residences to the *maradope* spoken of above, a leading feature in these processions being the golden urns, which contained the bodies of the departed. These ceremonies alone occupied the whole of the first day. On the following day the urns containing the bodies of the deceased were taken down, and the decorations removed. Earth was placed on the raised platform, and beaten solid and smooth. On this were placed the pieces of scented wood which were to form the staple fuel for the cremation of the bodies. A special entrance was reserved on the eastern side for the King to come in and set alight to the funeral pile, his example being followed by other friends of the deceased, who were successively to enter, and deposit their quota of material to keep up the burning. This material consisted of prepared sticks of sandal wood and artificial flowers, together with candles to ignite them. The King, it may be observed, was simply dressed in plain black, and wore a European hat. While the bodies were being burnt largess was distributed to the assembled crowd, and there was a great display of fireworks. On the following day the charred bones and relics of the deceased were placed in urns prepared for them. The cost of the cremation was reckoned at 25,000 dollars.—(Our engraving is from a photograph sent by Mr. Charles Thorne, the editor of the *Bangkok Times*.)

"SILVIA"

THIS engraving is from the picture by Mr. C. E. Perugini in "The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines," and represents the fair heroine of that bustling Boccaccio-like comedy, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Most of our readers, we think, will admit that in his picture Mr. Perugini has given a satisfactory answer to the question propounded in the serenade: "Who is Silvia? What is she? That all our swains commend her?" Young ladies, especially if they were good-looking and had expectations, had in those romantic days to put up with a good deal which the present generation would not relish. It was not very pleasant to be locked up night after night by a "stern parent" in an upper tower, where, no doubt, draughts prevailed to a most cold-catching extent. The monotony of this Bastille existence was no doubt tempered by the hope that "Mr. Wright" would one day come with a convenient rope-ladder and carry her off. "Mr. Wright" (otherwise Valentine) did so come; but, unfortunately, he was betrayed by his perfidious friend, Proteus, with the result that the course of true love did not run smooth till a series of exciting adventures had been gone through.

"A BARBAROUS PUNISHMENT IN MOROCCO."—Mr. Haroll Crichton-Browne having, in a letter to the *Times*, questioned the truthfulness of the sketch by Mr. A. Martin under the above title, which appeared in our issue of September 28th, we communicated with Mr. Martin on the subject, and he adheres steadfastly to the correctness of the scene he has depicted, and which he himself witnessed a few years ago. He writes thus: "The thirteen



sperity of Selangor is rightly attributed to the successful administration of the latter officer, and in the extension of railway communications he has taken a most active interest. The Selangor Line is the longest in the peninsula at present: it connects the river at Klang with Kwala Lumpur, twenty miles further inland, and paid 20 per cent. on capital in 1888. Mr. Spence Moss is the superintending engineer of this line, and Sir C. Hutton Gregory the consulting engineer. The Perak line paid 8½ per cent. in 1888, and its receipts were last year 25 per cent. over the previous year. A line in Suye Uyory, with a deep-water sea terminus, will soon be finished, and other lines are sanctioned and under survey. This new Selangor extension is specially important, as it forms a tiny part of the future grand Imperial Trunk Line through the peninsula to join the future Burmese and Siamese systems on the north, and will thus form a link in the possibly continuous railway chain between Europe and the remotest angle of Southern Asia.

The photograph from which the woodcut is taken is by Mr. Michael, of Singapore. It shows the *panda'*, or shed, under the archway of which the ceremony of cutting the first sod took place. Mr. Maxwell, the British Resident, is conspicuous by his tall hat; and among other ladies present was Mrs. Swettenham, usually designated the "ex-Queen of Selangor."

A CREMATION AT BANGKOK, SIAM

CREMATION in the "Land of the White Elephant" is performed in the most elaborate fashion, months being consumed in preliminary preparations, when the funeral honours are to be paid to persons of distinction. This was the case with the two men whose final obsequies have lately been commemorated. Phra Kalahome, who died on October 31st, 1888, in his sixty-second year, was formerly Minister of War, and was held in the highest respect and esteem both by his Siamese Majesty and the community at large; while his son, Phya Prapha, who died four months before his father, in his thirty-ninth year, had by his energy, knowledge, and technical skill done much to develop the Siamese Navy, of which he was Superintendent.

For the crematorial ceremonies, the family *maradope*, or pavilion, was specially fitted up, temporary structures being added in the form of annexes. To the illumination of these buildings the East and West each lent its aid; for there were Japanese and Chinese paper lanterns, American kerosene lamps, and no less than 118 incandescent electric lights. In one of the buildings were disposed the presents

months which Mr. Crichton-Browne spent in the country was not a period of time sufficient for him to have studied everything. With regard to Kaid Maclean, he is an English officer in the Sultan's army, and, like the Sultan himself, does not always know, and is not responsible for, any barbarous acts committed by the officials to suit their own private ends. Any man who is under the Sultan's government makes the best use of his power (be it ever so small) to tyrannise over the Hebrews and treat them very cruelly. A few years ago a Consul was dismissed for flogging a Jewess in the manner I have represented. I quite admit that Morocco has wonderfully improved during the last five years, but she still retains her petty tyrants, who makes things bad for the country. I am sorry if I have hurt Mr. Crichton-Browne's feelings, but the truth will out sooner or later."



POLITICAL.—Lord Randolph Churchill has followed Lord Hartington to Scotland, and, in a strenuously Unionist speech, at Perth, pointed out the means by which the Legislative Union between Scotland and England was effected to have been quite as assailable as in the case of the similar union between Ireland and England, and that, in carrying the former union, the Scottish Parliament entirely misrepresented the wishes and feelings of the people of Scotland. He had an easy task when he indicated the enormous benefits which the Union has nevertheless admittedly conferred on Scotland. Disdaining to refute the arguments of the advocates of Home Rule for Scotland, Lord Randolph suggested strait-waistcoats as the only cure for what he regarded as their folly.—In the course of a vigorous Unionist speech at Millbrook, on Tuesday, Mr. Courtney, M.P., Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, again challenged the leaders of the Opposition to say what was their Home Rule scheme, now that Mr. Gladstone has abandoned his original project. Home Rule, as advocated by the Gladstonian rank and file, meant one thing in one place and another somewhere else. "The gentleman who had just been returned from Peterborough," Mr. Courtney said, whittled down

Home Rule till it came to nothing at all—some form of local government which he did not venture to lay before the constituency. The Unionists therefore were entitled to call on their opponents to make this matter clear.—The Unionists have suffered a defeat and lost a seat at Peterborough, through the return of Mr. Morton (G L), by a majority of 251 over Mr. Purvis (L U), the numbers being 1,893 to 1,642. Mr. Morton is an architect and surveyor in Chancery Lane, one of the representatives in the London Common Council of the Ward of Farringdon Without, and a member of the Wandsworth District Board of Works.—There will probably be a contest for the seat at Brighton, vacant through the death of Sir W. Tindal Robertson. At the last General Election, the Gladstonian candidate was defeated by a majority of more than 3,000.—The contest in Elgin and Nairn shires has also issued in a Gladstonian victory, Mr. Seymour Keay having won by a majority of 532 over Mr. Logan (L U). The numbers were 2,571 to 2,039. The defeat of the Unionists does not in this case, however, involve the loss of a seat, the late member, Mr. Anderson, Q.C., having been a Gladstonian.

LABOUR AND STRIKES.—There was a revival of active discontent at some of the East-End Docks, owing to the continued employment of non-unionist labourers. But these have generally been either bribed by the Strike Committee to abstain from employment or have joined the Labourers' Union, a step which seems to be accepted by the unionists as putting an end to the collision.—The London journeymen tailors and their employers appear to have come to terms.—As the master bakers of London are adopting a conciliatory tone, and offering to reduce the hours of daily labour to twelve, the prospect of a strike among the journeymen bakers has, it is thought, been averted.—The London Cabinet Makers are beginning to agitate for a reduction of the hours of labour among the grievances to be redressed.—Of many provincial strikes, the most important has been that of the *embloyés* of the Bristol Gas Company, which threatened to involve the town in nightly darkness.—On Tuesday a meeting to promote the formation of women's trades unions was held at the East End. The Bishop of Bedford presided, and among the speakers were Lady Sandhurst, Lady H. Somerset, the Rev. H. Price Hughes, and, of course, Messrs. John Burns and Champion, with Messrs. Tillet and Mann.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—At the usual weekly meeting of the Council on Tuesday, a report from the Improvements Committee was submitted recommending the construction of a new thoroughfare from Southampton Row in almost a direct line to Catherine Street and the Strand. At a point about 500 feet from the Strand a spur street would leave the new street and run eastward to St. Clement Danes' Church, thus meeting the demands of traffic going back across Waterloo Bridge and eastward to the City. The cost of the improvement, of which this is merely an outline, and which includes the Council's acquisition and destruction of Holywell Street and the block of buildings between it and the Strand, was estimated at £1,473,000. After some discussion, a further consideration of the report was adjourned until the next meeting of the Council.—The Committee of the Council appointed to hear applications for music, dancing and theatre licenses have been sitting this week and last, and discharging their duties with the proverbial energy of the new broom. Not satisfied with having police and other evidence, members of the Committee have been making a tour of the music-halls within the Council's jurisdiction, and have thus been able to confront applicants for the renewal of licenses with some personal knowledge of the character of the entertainments provided, and of the female portion of the audiences. A pretty stringent censorship of this section of popular amusements seems thus being instituted. Among the well-known places of entertainment which, for one reason or another, the Committee declined to recommend for the renewal of licenses, are the Westminster Aquarium and the Trocadero. The transpontine Canterbury Music Hall narrowly escaped a similar fate, and its conductors were seriously cautioned to eschew anything like impropriety in their entertainments. The decisions of the Committee are not final, and there lies a power of appeal to approaching meetings of the Council.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Carnarvon, opening, on Tuesday, the winter session of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Institution with an address on "Liberty of Speech," said that there never had been a time when the higher portion of the English Press was better informed, more capable and more free from all personalities. It had succeeded in reconciling fairness of speech with anonymous writing.—Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., addressing the members of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, of which he is President, gave an interesting account of M. Pasteur's scientific labours and successes, and among them both his preventive and remedial treatment for hydrophobia. Sir Henry pronounced its results to be doubtful only in cases occurring under well-known unfavourable conditions.—General Boulanger has left London to reside in Jersey, the former home chosen by a much greater French exile, Victor Hugo.—A gale on Sunday, almost amounting to a hurricane, was the cause of considerable disaster to shipping on our coasts and in our ports, and did enormous damage to property throughout the country.

SIR WILLIAM TINDAL ROBERTSON, one of the two Conservative Members for Brighton, who had been in a depressed state of mind for some time past, committed suicide at his Brighton residence last Sunday morning, when he was found dead with his throat cut and a razor beside him. He was in his sixty-fourth year, an M.D. of Edinburgh, and a member of the Royal College of Physicians. He had been Chairman of the local Conservative Association when he was elected in 1886, without opposition, M.P. for Brighton, on the death of Alderman David Smith. For his services as a member of the Royal Commission on the Blind, the Deaf, and the Dumb he was knighted last year. Like his eminent predecessor in the representation of Brighton, Professor Fawcett, he was blind, the result of a disease which attacked him in the prime of life. He was locally popular with men of all political parties. At the inquest his medical attendant deposed that a sprained ankle prevented the deceased from taking outdoor exercise, and that disturbance of the digestive organs and hypochondriasis ensued. He was in the habit of taking sleeping draughts, and in the opinion of the witness he was under the influence of narcotics, and was not responsible for his actions when he killed himself. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind. The deceased had left directions that his remains should be cremated.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her ninetieth year, of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, widow of the seventh, mother of the present Duke, and daughter of the late Mr. Culling C. Smith; in his fifty-seventh year, of the O'Donoghue, formerly Liberal M.P. for Tipperary and Tralee successively; in his seventy-fourth year, of Sir Benjamin Swale, Bart.; of Dr. Frederick Stewart, Colonial Secretary, Hong Kong; in his eighty-fourth year, of the Hon. H. T. Bowen, late Puisne Judge of Trinidad; in his fifty-ninth year, of the Rev. Reginald H. Barnes, Prebendary of Exeter, a year, of the late General Gordon, of whom he was the last great friend of the late General Gordon, of whom he was the last host before the General's final journey to Khartoum; of the Rev. Julian Tennison Woods, who after participating zealously in the Tractarian movement, joined the Roman Communion, and after some years of missionary work in Australia, on the geology and natural history of which he wrote a number of works, became Vicar-General in Adelaide; of Mr. W. W. McNair, a distinguished member of the Indian Survey, who for his adventurous journey into Kafiristan in the disguise of a native doctor, received, in 1883, the Murchison

Grant of the Royal Geographical Society; in or about his seventy-first year, of Mr. Robertson, for thirty-three years Superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway Company; and in his eighty-third year, of Mr. William Hosken, one of the most successful stock-breeders in the country, and a great authority on Shorthorns.



The new management of TOOLE'S Theatre have incurred the common fate of those dramatists who think to convert an indecent French farce into an English comedy, fitted to pass the watchful eye of the licenser of plays, by merely suppressing the motives which are supposed to animate the leading characters. In *The Bungalow*, with which Mr. Fred Horner commences his season at this house both as dramatist and manager, we have a young painter on the brink of matrimony who is implored by a number of friends, including the father of his intended wife, to lend them a key of his "bungalow," by which is meant the bachelor dwelling he is about to relinquish for quarters more suited to the requirements of a respectable married gentleman. Why do these people burn, as it were, with the desire to enter his abode in his absence? If we merely listen to their utterances, it is for no worse motive than curiosity to see a picture which the bachelor proprietor has been engaged in painting. But why all this eager curiosity about an unfinished work of which nobody but the painter himself knows anything? As somebody has put the case, in the immortal words of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "Who does trouble about a warming pan?" The fuss, in brief, which is made about this matter is rather bewildering—at least for those who are too simple-minded to interpret the winks and leers, the sly allusions to "models," "artistic goings on," and like unedifying tokens which meet the eye and ear as the action proceeds. The truth is that in the French piece, the "bungalow" is in demand because it is judged a convenient place for assignations between various couples. It is for want of this key that the furtive meetings between gentlemen and other friend's wives, together with the accidental exchanges of hats and parasols, the mutual jealousies and the fierce encounters between husbands who are not less loose in their notions of the principles that should govern their own conduct than they are jealous of their honour where their wives are concerned, become absolutely unintelligible. Mr. Horner's company includes one or two performers who are clever and capable—notably Miss Helen Forsyth, Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Compton Coutts, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Cissy Grahame. Of the rest it will be charitable not to speak. It is fair to say, however, in excuse for these latter, that the adaptor has not provided them with any special opportunities of distinguishing themselves. His vein of wit may be judged from the observation of one of his personages, "That's pretty plain," followed by the question, "How can a thing be pretty and plain at the same time?"

The custom of producing burlesques of such length that they need to be divided into acts originated, we believe, at the Gaiety. It has now extended to the GRAND Theatre, Islington, where an elaborate production of this kind, written by Mr. Geoffrey Thorn, was produced on Monday evening with the title of *Dandy Dick Turpin*. Mr. Thorn has followed his model in all the more prominent characteristics, even to the introduction of the *pas de quatre*, which was a conspicuous feature in *Faust Up to Date*, and Miss Fanny Leslie, who enacts the dashing highwayman, may be said to have all the vivacity, if she lacks the neatness of touch and finish, of that popular actress Miss Farren. Miss Julia Warden, who appears as Tom King, deserves praise for genuine liveliness and agreeableness of manner. The wit on the whole is not very abundant, but the piece is bright and harmless. After the custom of short runs adapted at this house, the Gooch and Freeman Burlesque Company, to whom the interpretation of Mr. Thorn's piece is entrusted, are engaged to appear here for a fortnight only.

The revival of *Caste* at the CRITERION may not satisfy the ideal of those old playgoers who remember the original representation of this admirable comedy at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre two-and-twenty years ago, and can recall Mr. George Honey's humorous and profoundly truthful impersonation of Eccles, Miss Marie Wilton's pert and charming Polly, Miss Foote's tender but high-spirited Esther, Mr. Hare's Sam Gerridge, Mr. Bancroft's Hawtrey, and Miss Larkin's—incomparable Miss Larkin's—Marquise de St. Maur. For all that it is an excellent performance. Mr. David James's Eccles is already favourably known to the public. Miss Lottie Venne, who succeeds to Mrs. Bancroft's part, is perhaps a trifling wanting in the art that is required to soften and make Polly's vulgarity acceptable to the audience; and Mr. Elwood suffers his desire to maintain in a somewhat mild way the Bancroft tradition in the part of Hawtrey to detract slightly from the freedom and spontaneity which are more to be prized. On the other hand, Miss Olga Brandon's Esther is, refined, winning, and spirited; and Mr. Brookfield's Gerridge is, like all the efforts of that excellent actor, full of artistic touches. Mr. Leonard Boyne is also a very satisfactory representative of George D'Alroy. The revival, which is decidedly successful, comes *à propos* of the forthcoming collected edition of Mr. Robertson's dramatic works, the great majority of which have hitherto been withheld from the press.

The complimentary benefit to Mr. Maddison Morton, the author of *Box and Cox*, will take place at the HAYMARKET on Wednesday afternoon next. Two of the veteran playwrights' popular farces will be performed, together with *Masks and Faces*. A prologue in rhymed verse, written for the occasion by Mr. Clement Scott, will also be spoken.

SADLER'S WELLS, which, though not very prosperous of late, has honourable traditions, is to be reopened in a few days, after a much-needed internal renovation. The new manager, Mr. T. Angel, will open with a revival of the late Mr. Watts Phillips's *Lost in London*.

It is a perilous thing, as experience has proved, for a manager to detain his patrons on Saturday night till too near the stroke of midnight. On the other hand, he may dismiss them too early. The excursions made in *The Royal Oak* at DRURY LANE are so considerable that, instead of ending at ten minutes to twelve, as on the first night, the play on Saturday, notwithstanding the new spectacular scene of King Charles's re-entry into London, came to a close at twenty minutes to eleven. Some grumbings have since been heard about "short measure" at the theatres, and one "old playgoer" has written to remind managers of how differently affairs were conducted in his boyhood, when farces and after-pieces were in fashion.

Mrs. Langtry is preparing to make her appearance in the character of Queen Elizabeth in the late Mr. Tom Taylor's poetical play *'Twasl Axe and Crown*. The original representative of the character was the beautiful Mrs. Rousby. The revival will be produced this evening at the THEATRE ROYAL, Manchester.

It is said that the scene of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the SAVOY will be laid partly in Venice, and partly in more Oriental climes. The statement appears to have originated with some one who has been prying into the scenic preparations; but Mr. Gilbert is notoriously desirous of baffling the curiosity of these

indiscreet persons. He is, moreover, what a past generation used to know as a "wag," and might even be capable of ordering a view of the Square of St. Mark or the bazaar in Grand Cairo by way of putting his old enemies on a false scent.

ARTS AND CRAFTS' EXHIBITION

THE second Exhibition organised by the Arts' and Crafts' Society is larger and more comprehensive in its character than the first. Nearly every phase of industrial and decorative art is well represented, and it is satisfactory to find that a large proportion of the works are remarkable for their beauty of design, not less than for their completeness of workmanship. Many of the examples of glass and ceramics, wrought-metal work, bookbinding and printing, tapestry and embroidery, suffer nothing by comparison with the contemporary work of any foreign country. Designs for interior decoration are very numerous, and among them are some of great merit. The coloured friezes and the wall-papers by Mr. Lewis Day show a good deal of artistic invention, and a true sense of beauty and proportion. They have balance of form to recommend them, skilful disposition and harmony of colour, and are in every way well adapted to their purpose. Mr. Walter Crane's wall-paper frieze, "The White Peacock," is also an excellent work of its class, combining intricacy of design with breadth and variety of effect. Among many other works by this versatile artist, the single figure, "Speculum Naturæ," designed for a stained-glass panel, is the simplest in style, and the best. Mr. T. M. Rooke's series of ten small panels, suggested by the "Earthly Paradise" of Mr. Morris, will repay close examination. They are not strictly decorative in mode of treatment; but they are full of incident, and show originality of conception and dramatic power of realisation.

Of the cartoons of very large size, in which the human figure forms the chief element, whether designed for mural decoration or for stained glass, only a few can be regarded with entire satisfaction. Mr. H. Holiday's very large coloured drawing for a circular window in the Theological Institute, New Jersey, is, in every way, one of the best. The symbolical significance of the work is not very obvious, but the five female figures, in various well-chosen attitudes, are finely designed, and the treatment of their loose and flowing draperies is thoroughly artistic. Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson has two large charcoal drawings for church windows, well composed and appropriately simple in style; and there are some rather good works of the same kind by Mr. T. W. Cam, Mr. Selwyn Image, and Mr. H. W. Lonsdale. An allegorical cartoon for sgraffito, in three compartments, called "The sure, revolving test of Time," by Mr. Heywood Summer, is executed with the firmness and vigour proper to its large size. The design, however, is somewhat grotesque, and the human figures are not nearly so well drawn as the horses. Sir Frederick Leighton sends a masterly little bronze study for his large picture, "The Sluggard;" and Mr. A. Gilbert a finely-designed medallion, "Queen's Jubilee." Mr. F. W. Pomeroy shows a good sense of style in a well-composed entablature on New County Buildings, Paisley. Of the other examples of sculpture the most noteworthy are Mr. Creswick's vigorously modelled group, "Lions Fighting," Mr. Conrad Dressler's "Boy and Swan," and a roughly executed, but well-designed, "Street Fountain" by Mr. John Wilson.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has expressed his cordial approval of the scheme for the erection of a new See of Birmingham, and his intention of contributing to the fund for its endowment.

CARDINAL MANNING, at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, on Sunday, delivered a brief, but energetic, address on the Temporal Power, in the course of which he stigmatised what he called "the stealing of the City of Rome" by Italy, in 1870, as "the most complex, complete, and universal sacrilege that the world has ever witnessed."

A FIRST and very noticeable reply has been received in answer to a circular issued by the Bishop of Bangor to the clergy of his diocese, requesting information as to the payment of the tithes due to them. The writer, after mentioning that the withholding of his tithes began in 1884, thus proceeds:—"The ordeal has been terrible. Of my own suffering I will say nothing; but you, as a married man and a father, can conceive in some degree at least, what it has been to my wife and four little boys, to be driven from their homes and have the very beds sold, and all when even a portion of what was then owing to me, and for which I have worked hard, would have spared and saved them from the untold indignities, the wrongs, and the cruelties to which they were subjected. I made many and passionate appeals to the persecutors to have pity on mother and children, but this, instead of soothing and assuaging their relentless spirit, would appear only to whet the more their inconceivable savagery."

WILLIAM TYNDALE, the Protestant martyr and translator of the New Testament, and a portion of the Old, into English, was strangled and burned at Villevorde, in the Spanish Netherlands, on October 6th, 1536. The Ven. W. M. Sinclair, the newly-appointed Archdeacon of London, preaching at St. Paul's his first sermon as Canon in residence, on Sunday last, the 353rd anniversary of the martyr's death, said that whatever side we might take in modern controversy, we must all honour William Tyndale for his courage and persistence, since to those qualities we owed the English version of the Word of God, which was the "inspiration of the Church, and the glory of our family life."

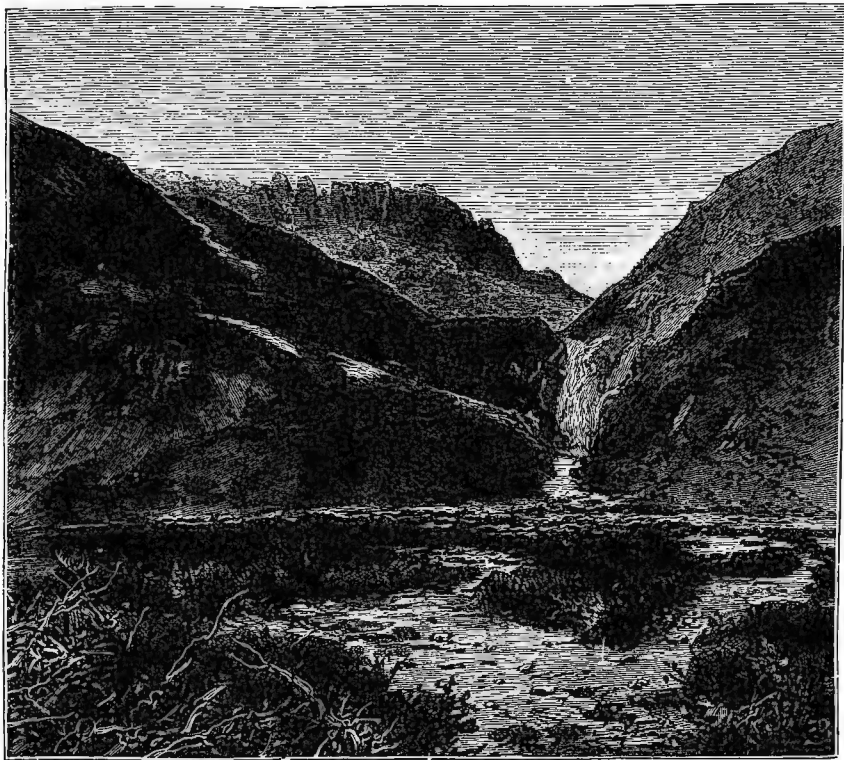
THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD opened on Tuesday the training college for lay Church workers in the Commercial Road, E., the origin, objects, and organisation of which have been previously explained in this column.

SIR W. W. HUNTER, an eminent authority on all Indian matters, addressed on Tuesday a public missionary meeting at Birmingham in connection with the Baptist Union, which has been holding its annual assembly in that town. To disprove the assertion that missionary effort in India was a failure, he said that during the last thirty years the number of Christian mission stations there had increased threefold, while the number of native Christians had increased fivefold, the number of communicants tenfold, and the number of separate congregations fifteenfold.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Church Congress is to meet next year at Hull. The Rev. W. Walters, Vicar of Pershore, Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral, succeeds the late Archdeacon Lea as Archdeacon of Worcester.—The quantity of glebe land in England and Wales is, according to a parliamentary paper, more than 650,000 acres, with a yearly value of nearly a million sterling.—By the sale of their church in Aldersgate Street to the General Post Office, the French Protestants in London have been enabled to purchase a site in Soho Square for a new church and schools. The Consistory have secured temporary premises for worship in Tottenham Court Road.



RUINS OF THE OLD CITY OF MENDOZA, DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE, MARCH 20, 1861
The View is taken from the Convent of San Francisco, looking westward



HILL OF THE PENITENTS

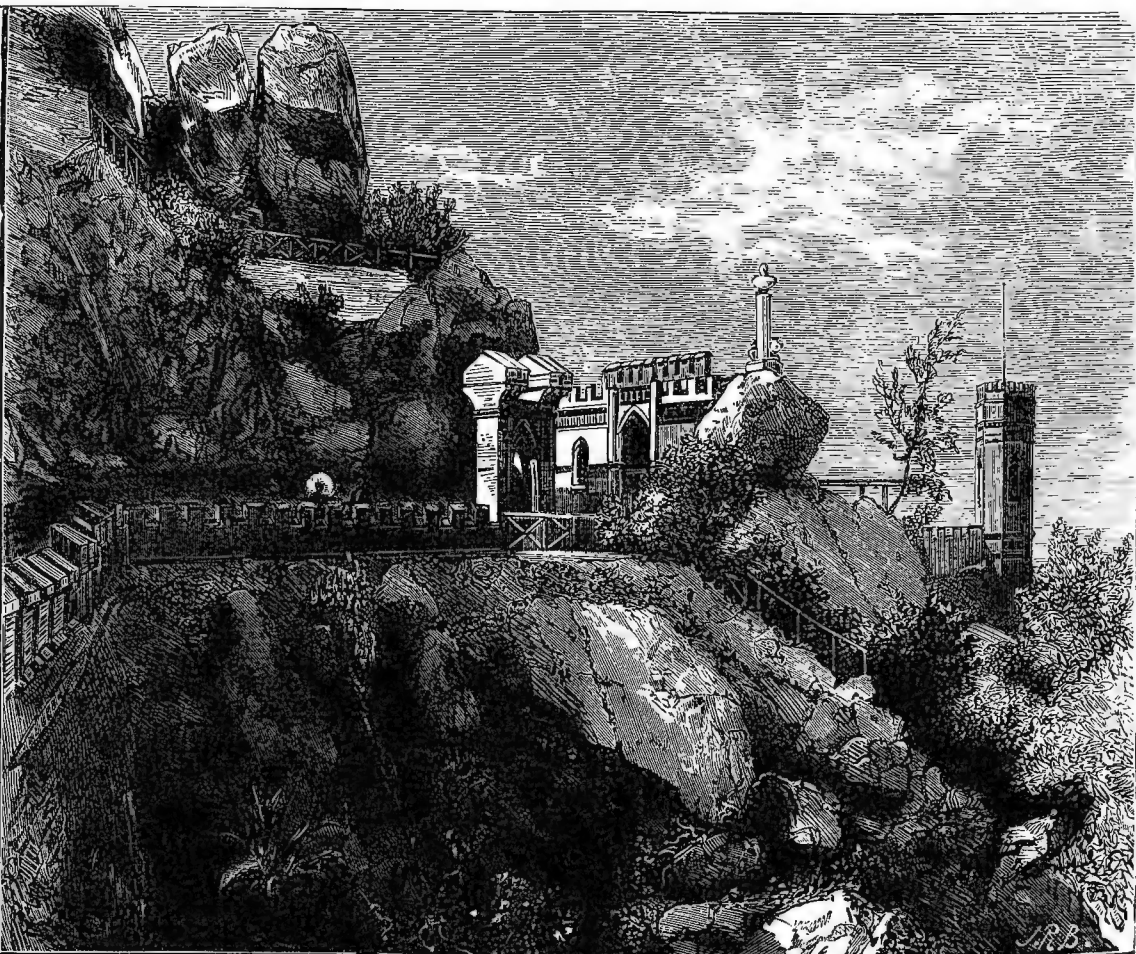


BRIDGE OF THE INCAS

NOTES IN THE PROVINCE OF MENDOZA, ARGENTINE REPUBLIC



EXPIATORY MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE BURNING
OF THE CHURCH DE LA CAMPANIA



THE PUBLIC WALK OF SANTIAGO AND HILL OF SANTA LUCIA

VIEWS IN SANTIAGO DE CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

"Good-bye, Mr. Moore," said the pleasant-mannered young matron to him.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW EXPERIENCE

WAS it possible in the nature of things that Prince Fortunatus should find his spirits dashed with gloom—he whose existence had hitherto been a long series of golden moments, each brighter and welcomer than the other? Even if he had to leave this still and beautiful valley where he had found so much gracious companionship and so many pleasant pursuits, look what was before him: he was returning to be greeted with the applause of enthusiastic audiences, to be sought after and courted and petted in private circles, to find himself talked about in the newspapers and his portraits exhibited in every other shop-window—in short, to enjoy all the little flatteries and attentions and triumphs attaching to a wide and not ill-deserved popularity. And yet as he sat at this farewell luncheon on the day of his departure, he was the only silent one among these friends of his, who were all chattering around him.

"I'm sure I envy you, Mr. Moore," said his charming hostess, "going away back to the very centre of the intellectual world. It will be such a change for you to find yourself in the very midst of everything—hearing about all that is going on—the new books, the new plays, the new pictures. I suppose that in October there are plenty of pleasant people back in town; and perhaps the dinner-parties are all the more enjoyable when you know that the number of nice people is limited. One really does get tired of this mental stagnation."

"I wish, Mr. Moore," said Lady Rosamund, rather spitefully (considering that her brother was present), "you would take Rockminster with you. He won't go on the hill; and he's no use in the drawing-room. I am certain at this minute he would rather be walking down St. James's Street to his club."

"I don't wonder at it!" cried Miss Georgie Lestranger, coming gallantly to the apathetic young man's rescue. "Look how he's situated. There's Sir Hugh and my brother away all day; Lord Fareborough has never come out of his room since the morning he tried deerstalking; and what can Lord Rockminster find to amuse him in a pack of girls? Oh, I know what he thinks of us," she continued, very placidly. "I remember, if he chooses to forget. Don't you recollect, Rose, the night we were constructing an ideal kingdom by drawing up a list of all the people we should have banished? Every one had his or her turn at saying who should be expelled—people who come late to dinner, people who fence with spiked wire, people who talk in theatres, people who say 'like he does,' and so forth; and when somebody suggested 'All young

women who wear red veils,' Lord Rockminster immediately added 'And all young women who don't wear red veils.' Now you needn't deny it—"

"Excuse me, I'm sure I never said anything of the kind; but it's not of the least consequence," Lord Rockminster observed, with perfect composure. "Anything to please you poor dears. You understand well enough why I linger on here—just to give you young creatures a chance of sharpening your wits on me. You wouldn't know what to do without me."

"Rockminster is going to give the world a volume of poems," said Lady Rosamund, who seemed to be rather ill-tempered and scornful this morning. "Nobody could stare at the clouds and hills as he does without being a poet. When he does burst into speech it will be something awful."

"Have you your flask filled?" said that much-bepestered young man, calmly turning to Lionel.

"Oh, yes, thanks." "When you get to Invershin," his lordship continued thoughtfully, "you can telegraph to the Station Hotel at Inverness what you want for dinner. No soup; I make it a rule never to take soup in a big hotel; a friendly manager once warned me in confidence. You'll be glad to have a bit of white fish after so much grilse and sea-trout—"

"Oh, I'll take my chance," Lionel said: it was not dinner that was occupying his thoughts.

There was a sound of horses' hoofs and carriage wheels: the waggonette was being brought round to the front door.

"I consider it very shabby of Honnor not to have stayed to say 'good-bye,'" Lady Adela said to her departing guest. "She might have given up one morning's fishing, I think, especially as you have been such an assiduous attendant—carrying her things for her, and keeping her company on those long excursions—"

"Oh, don't be afraid," said Miss Georgie, with a bit of a covert laugh. "Honor won't forsake her friend like that. I'll bet you she won't be far from the Horse's Drink when Mr. Moore has to cross the stream."

"If I were you," Lord Rockminster finally said, in a confidential undertone, as they all rose from the table, "I would telegraph about dinner."

How Lionel hated the sight of this open door, and the waggonette, and the portmanteau up beside the coachman!

"Good-bye, Mr. Moore," said the pleasant-mannered young matron to him, as she took his hand for a moment. "I'm afraid it has been awfully dull for you—"

"Lady Adela!" he said.

"But the next time you come we shall try to be less monotonously bucolic. Perhaps by then the phonograph will be able to bring us a whole musical evening from London, whenever we want it—a whole performance of an operetta—"

"Offenbach in a Highland valley!" he exclaimed.

"No," she said, very quietly and graciously; "but perhaps something by the composer of *The Squire's Daughter*—and there might be in it an air as delightful as that of 'The Starry Night.' Oh, Mr. Moore, don't let them produce any other piece at the New Theatre until we all get back to London again! Well, good-bye—it's so kind of you to have taken pity on us in this wilderness—"

"If you knew how sorry I am to go, Lady Adela!" he said.

"And will you say good-bye for me to Miss Cunyngham?"

"You needn't bother to leave a message," said Miss Georgie, with significant eyes. "You'll find she won't be far away from the Horse's Drink."

And as it chanced, Miss Georgie's forecast (whether inspired by a saucy impertinence or not) proved correct. Lionel, having bade farewell to all these friends, got into the waggonette; and away the carriage went—quietly, at first, over the soft turf and stones—to the river. Of course he looked out. Yes, there was Miss Honnor—fishing the Whirl Pool—with old Robert sitting on the shingle, watching her. Would she notice?—or would he get down, and walk along to her, and claim the good-bye she had forgotten? The next moment he was reassured. She caught sight of the approaching waggonette; she carefully placed her rod on the shingle, and then came walking along the river-bank, towards the ford, at which the horses had now arrived.

Even at a distance he could not but admire the grace and ease and dignity of her carriage—the harmonious movement of a perfectly-formed figure; and as she drew nearer he kept asking himself (as if the question were necessary) whether he would be able to take away a keen mental photograph of those fine features—the clear and placid forehead, the strongly-marked eyebrows, the calm, self-reliant eyes, the proud and yet not unsympathetic lines of the mouth. She came nearer; a smile lit up her face; and there was a kind of radiance there, he thought. He had leapt down from the waggonette; he went forward to meet her; her hand was outstretched.

"I am sorry you are going," she said, frankly.

"And I am far more sorry to have to go," said he, and he held her hand a little longer than there was any occasion for, until she gently withdrew it. "There are so many things I should like to

say to you, Miss Honnor; but somehow they always escape you just when they're wanted; and I've told you so often before that I am not likely to forget your kindness to me up here—"

"Surely it is the other way about!" she said, pleasantly. "You have come and cheered up my lonely hours—and been so patient—never grumbled—never looked away up the hill as if you would have given your life to be after the grouse—and in the drawing-room of an evening you've always sung when I asked you—when I was inconsiderate enough to ask you—"

"My goodness, Miss Honnor," he said, "if I had known you looked on it in that light, I should have sung for you constantly, whether you asked or not."

"Well, it's all over now," said she, "and I hope you are taking away with you a pleasant memory of Strathairvon."

"I have spent the happiest days of my life here," he said; and then he hesitated—was about to speak—hesitated again—and finally blurted out: "Is there anything I can do for you in London, Miss Honnor?"

"No, thanks," she said. "By the way, you'll have an hour or two in Inverness. You might go in to Mr. Watson's and ask him to send me out a few more flies—if you have plenty of time, that is."

"I shall be delighted," said he, as if she had conferred the greatest favour on him.

"Well, good-bye—I mustn't keep you late for the train."

"But we shall meet in the South?"

"I hope so," she said, in a very amiable and friendly fashion; and she stood waiting there until he had got into the waggonette and until the horses had splashed their way across the ford: then she waved her hand to him, and, with a parting smile, turned down the stream again, to rejoin Robert and pick up her rod.

Nor was this quite the last he was to see of those good friends. When the horses had strenuously hauled the carriage up that steep hill-side and got into the level highway, he turned to look back at the Lodge set in the midst of the wide strath, and behold! there was a fluttering of white handkerchiefs there, Lady Adela, and her sisters, and Miss Georgie, still lingering in the porch. Again and again he made response. Then, as he drove on, he caught another glance of Miss Honnor, who, far below him, was industriously fishing the Whirl Pool; when she heard the sound of the wheels, she looked up and waved her hand to him as he went by. Finally there came the crack of a gun across the wide strath; it was a signal from the shooting-party—away on a distant hill-side—and he could just make out that they, also, were sending him a telegraphic good-bye. At each opening through the birch-wood skirting the road he answered these farewells, until Strathairvon Lodge was no longer in sight; and then he settled himself in his seat, and resigned himself to the long journey.

This was not a pleasant drive. He was depressed with a vague aching and emptiness of the heart that he could not well account for. A schoolboy returning to his tasks after a long holiday would not be quite so profoundly miserable—so reckless, dissatisfied, and ill at ease. But perhaps it was the loss of one of those pleasant companions that was troubling him? Which one, then (he made pretence of asking himself), was he sorriest to part from? Lady Adela, who was always so bright and talkative and cheerful, so charming a hostess, so considerate and gentle a friend? Or the mystic-eyed Lady Sybil, who many an evening had led him away into the wonder-land of Chopin, for she was an accomplished pianist, if her own compositions were but feeble echoes of the masters? Or the more quick-spirited Lady Rosamund, the imperious and petulant beauty, who, in a way most unwonted with her, had bestowed upon him exceptional favour? Or that atrocious little flirt, Miss Georgie Lestranger, with her saucy smiles and speeches, her malicious laugh, and demure, significant eyes?—it was hardly to be wondered at if she made an impression on any young man, for the minx had an abundance of good looks, despite her ruddy hair and pert nose. As for Miss Honnor Cunyngham—oh, no!—she was too far away—she lived remote, isolated, apart—she neither gave nor demanded sympathy or society—she was sufficient unto herself alone. But why ask whether it was this one or that? Soon he would be forgotten by them all. He would be swallowed up in the great city—swept away in the current of its feverish activities—his voice hardly heard above the general din; while they would still be pursuing their various pastimes in this little world of solitude and quiet, or moving on to entertain their friends with the more pompous festivities of The Braes.

It was odd that he should be carrying away with him the seeds of home-sickness for a place in which his stay had been counted by weeks. So anxious, indeed, was he to assure himself that his relations with that beautiful valley and its inmates were not entirely severed that, the moment he reached Inverness, instead of going into the Station Hotel and ordering his dinner like a reasonable being, he must needs go straightway off to Mr. Watson's shop.

"I suppose," said he, with a little hesitation—for he did not know whether to mention Miss Cunyngham's name or not—he was afraid he might betray some quite uncalled-for embarrassment—"I suppose you know the flies they use on the Aivron this time of year."

Mr. Watson knew well enough; who better?

"I mean on the Strathairvon Lodge stretch of the water?" Lionel continued.

"Oh, yes; I am often sending flies to Miss Cunyngham," was the answer.

"Oh, Miss Cunyngham?" said Lionel. "It is for her I want some flies."

"Very well, sir, I will make up a small packet, and send it to her: Miss Cunyngham has an account with me—"

"No, no, that isn't what I mean at all," Lionel interposed, hastily. "I want to make Miss Cunyngham a little present. The fact is, I was using her book," he observed, with some importance (as if it could in the least concern a worthy tackle-maker in Inverness to know who had gone fishing with Miss Cunyngham), "and I whipped off a good number, so I want to make amends, don't you see?"

"Very well, sir: how many will I put up?"

"All you've got," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Watson stared.

"Oh, yes," Lionel said. "Miss Cunyngham may as well have a good stock at once. You know the proper kinds—Blue Doctors, Childerses, Jock Scotts, Dirty Yellows, Bishops, Bees—that's about it, isn't it?—and put in plenty of various sizes. Then don't make a parcel of them; put them into those japanned boxes with the cork in them—never mind how many; and if you can't tell me at once how much it will all come to, I will leave you my London address, and you'll send the bill to me. Now if you will be so kind as to give me a sheet of paper and an envelope I will write a note to accompany the packet."

Mr. Watson probably thought that this young man was daft; but it was not his business to say so; he took down his erratic customer's address, and said that all his instructions would be attended to forthwith.

Next Lionel went to a tobacconist's shop and (for he was a most lavish young man) he ordered a prodigious quantity of "twist," which he had made up into two parcels, the smaller one for Roderick, the larger to be divided equally among the other keepers and gillies. The two parcels he had put into a wooden case, which, again, was filled up with boxes of revivians—three or four dozen or so; and it is to be imagined that when that small hamper was

opened at Strathairvon, there was many a chuckle of gratification over the division of the splendid spoil.

Finally—for human nature is but human nature, after all: he had been thinking of others so far, and he was now entitled to consider himself a little—he thought he would go along to Mr. Macleay's. When he arrived at the shop, he glanced in at the windows; but among the wild-cats, ptarmigan, black game, mal-windows; and what not, there was nothing to arrest his attention: it lards, and what not, there was nothing to arrest his attention: it was a stag's head he had in his mind. He went inside; and his first sensation was one of absolute bewilderment—this crowded museum of birds, beasts, and fish—skarts, goosanders, sand-grouse, terns, eagles, ospreys, squirrels, foxes, big-snouted trout, harts, hinds, bucks, does, owls, kestrels, falcons, merlins, and every variety of the common gull shot by the all-pervading Cockney—staring, stuffed, silent, they were a confusion to the eyes, and nowhere could he find his own, his particular, his precious stag. Alas! when Mr. Macleay was so kind as to take him behind into the workshop—which resembled a huge shambles, almost—and when from among the vast number of heads and horns lying and hanging everywhere he saw around—the Strathairvon head was at last produced, Lionel was horribly shocked and disappointed. Was this, then, his trophy that he hoped to have hung up for the admiration of his friends and his own ecstatic contemplation—this twisted, shapeless, sightless lump of hide and air, with a great jaw of discoloured teeth gleaming from under its flabby folds? It is true that here were the identical horns, for had he not gone lovingly over every time of them?—but was this rag of a thing all that was left of the splendid stag he had beheld lying on the heather? However, Mr. Macleay speedily reassured him. He was shown the various processes and stages of the taxidermist's art, the amorphous mass of skin and hair gradually taking shape and substance until it stood forth in all its glory of flaming eye and proud nostril and branching antlers; and he was highly pleased to be told that this stag he had got in the Strathairvon was a very fairly good one, as stags now go in the North. So, all his shopping being done, he set off again for the Station Hotel, where he got what he wanted in the shape of dinner, followed by a long and meditative smoke in the billiard-room, with visions appearing among the curls of blue vapour.

What the Highland Railway manages to do with the trains which it dispatches from Inverness at 10 P.M. and reproduces the next morning at Perth about 7, it is impossible for the mind of man to imagine; but it is not of much consequence so long as you are snugly ensconced in a sleeping-berth; and Lionel passed the night in profound oblivion. With the new day, however, these unavailing and torturing regrets began again; for now he felt himself more completely than before shut off from the friends he had left; and Strathairvon and all its associations and pursuits had grown distant, like a dream. He was lucky enough, on this southward journey, to find a compartment to himself; and here was an excellent opportunity for him to have practised his *vocalises*; but it was not of *vocalises*, nor of anything connected with the theatre, that he was thinking. He was much franker with himself now. He no longer tried to conceal from himself the cause of this vague unrest, this useless looking back and longing, this curious down-hearted sense of solitariness. A new experience, truly, and a bewildering one! Indeed, he was ashamed of his own folly. For what was it that he wanted? A mere continuance of that friendly alliance and companionship which he had enjoyed all this time? Was he indulging in a sort of sentimental misery simply because he could not walk down to the Aivron's banks, and talk to Miss Honnor, and watch the sun tracing threads of gold among her tightly-braided hair? If that was all, he might get out at the next station, make his way back to the beloved strath, and be sure that Honnor Cunyngham would welcome him just as of old, and allow him to carry her waterproof, or ask him to have a cast over the Junction Pool. He had no reason to fear any break in this friendship that had been formed. When he should see her in Brighton, she would be to him as she had been yesterday, when they said good-bye by the side of the river. And were not these the only possible relations between them; and ought he not to be proud and content that he could look forward to an enduring continuance of them?

Yes; but some man would be coming along and marrying her; and where would he be then? What would become of this alliance, this friendly understanding—perhaps, even, some little interest on her part in his affairs—what would become of all these relations, then? It was the way of the world. Their paths would be divided—he would hear vaguely of her—perhaps see her name in the papers as being at a Drawing-Room or something of the kind. She would have forgotten all those long, still days by the Aivron and the Geinig; no echo would remain in her memory of "The Bonnie Earl o' Moray" as he had sung it for her, with all the passionate pathos of which he was capable; she would be a stranger—moving afar—one heard of only—a remembrance and no more. So the impalpable future was interwoven with those dreams and not too happy forecasts, as the train thundered on its way, along the wooded banks of the Allan Water and towards the winding Links of Forth.

But there was an alternative that would recur again and again to his fancy, though in rather a confused and breathless way. What if, in the very despair of losing her altogether, at the very moment of parting with her, he had made bold to claim this proud-spirited maiden all for himself? Might not some such sudden and audacious proposal have been the very thing to appeal to her—the very thing to capture her? A challenge—a demand that she should submit—that she should come down from those serene heights of independence and yield herself a willing and gracious helpmeet and companion for life to this daring suitor: might not that have secured for him this wondrous prize? If she had any regard for him at all, she might have been startled into confession. A couple of words—there by the side of the Aivron—might have been enough. No theatrical professions nor mock homage, no kneeling at her feet or swearing by eternal stars; but a look into her eyes—a clasp of the hand—a single question? Something he had indeed meant to say to her, as they stood face to face there for the last time—something, he hardly knew what; and yet his hesitation had been but natural; he might have been hurried into saying too much; he dared not offend. Nay, even as he held her hand, he was unaware of the true state of his feeling towards her; it was this separation—this ever increasing distance between them—that had enabled him to understand.

And then again his mood changed into one of bitter self-reproach and self-contempt. What miserable folly was this crying for the moon—this picturing of a marriage between the daughter of an ancient and wealthy house—one, too, who was unmistakably proud of her lineage—and a singer in comic opera! Not for nothing had he heard of the twin brothers Cunyngham who fell on Flodden Field: It is true that at the present time he and she mingled in the same society; for he was the pet and plaything of the hour, in the fashionable world; but he was not entirely blinded by that favour, he did not wholly mistake his position. And even supposing—a wild conjecture!—that she entertained an exceptional regard for him—that she could be induced to think of marrying him—would she be content that her husband remained on the stage, and painted his face every evening, and postured before the footlights? On the other hand, apart from the stage, what was he?—a mere nobody, not too well-instructed, having no particular gifts of wit or conversation, without even a well-filled purse—the meanest of qualifications—to recommend him. No doubt they might make a very pretty bargain between them: he might go to her and say—

"Let there be a sacrifice on both sides. I give up the theatre—I

give up the applause, the popularity, the opportunities of making pleasant friendships—all the agreeable things of a stage-life; and you on your part give up your pride of birth, and, it may be, something of your place in society. It is a surrender on both sides. Let our motto be 'All for love; and the world well lost.' Yes, a very pretty bargain; but as he considered that he was now wandering into the region of romance—a region which he unhesitatingly scorned as having no relation with the facts of the world—he withdrew from that futile and useless and idle speculation, and took to thinking of Miss Honnor Cunyngham as she actually was, and wondering over which of the Aivron pools the proud-featured fisher-maiden would be casting at this moment.

And here, again, as the hours crept by, was something of a more practical nature to remind him of the now far distant strath. In order to save him from the hurry of a twenty-minutes' railway-station dinner, Lady Adela had ordered a luncheon-basket to be packed for him, and her skill and forethought in this direction were unequalled, as many a little shooting party had joyfully discovered. When Lionel leisurely began to explore the contents of the basket, he was proud to think that it was under her own immediate supervision that these things had been put together for him. There was some kind of sentimental interest attaching to the chicken, and tongue, and galantine, to the salad and biscuits and cake and what not; and he knew that it was no servant who had thought of filling a small tin canister with peaches and grapes, even as he knew that only Lady Adela was aware of his preference for the particular dry Sillery, of which a half bottle here lay in its covering of straw. As he took out the things and placed them on the seat beside him, he could have imagined that a pair of very gentle hands had arranged that repast for him. Then from this much too sumptuous banquet his mind wandered away back to the simple fare that old Robert used to bring forth from the fishing-bag, when Miss Honnor had taken her place among the bracken. Again he was with her in that little dell away among the solitudes of the hills, with the murmur of the Geinig coming up to them from the chasm below. The sunlight flashed on the rippling burn at their feet; the leaves of the birches trembled, and no more than trembled, in the still air; the deep clear blue of the sky overhead told them to be in no hurry—they would have to wait till the afternoon for clouds. In the perfect silence (for the humming of the bees in the heather was hardly a sound at all) he could hear every soft modulation of her voice—though, to be sure, it was not lovers' talk that passed between them. "Mr. Moore, won't you have the rest of this soda-water?" or "Yes, one of those brown biscuits, thank you," or "Please, Mr. Moore, will you crush those bits of paper together and bury them in a hole?—Nothing is so horrid as to come upon traces of a picnic on a hill-side or along a river." Already those long days of constant companionship seemed to be becoming remote. It was the black night-journey between Inverness and Perth that had severed that shining time from the dull and common-place hours he had now entered upon. He looked out of the window as the train thundered along—Preston—Wigan—Warrington—everywhere squalor, hurry, and noise, with a smoke-laden sky lowering over the sad and dismal country, different, indeed, from that other world he knew of, with its crimson slopes of heather, its laughing waters, its lonely solitudes in their noonday hush, the fair azure of the heavens becoming paler and paler towards the horizon until it touched the distant peaks and shoulders of Assynt. "Muss aus dem Thal jetzt scheiden, wo alles Lust und Klang;" but at least the memory of it would remain with him—a gracious possession.

The long afternoon wore on; Crewe, Stafford, Lichfield, Tamworth went by, as things in a dream; for his thoughts were far away. Sometimes, it is true, he would rebel against this morbid, restless, useless regret that had got hold of him; and he would valiantly attack the newspapers, of which he had an ample supply; but somehow or another the grey columns would fade away, and in their place would come a picture of Strathairvon Lodge, the valley, and the river, and of an upturned face smiling a last farewell to him as the waggonette rolled on. Was it really only yesterday that he had seen her—talked with her—taken her hand? A yesterday that seemed years away! A vision already growing pale.

Well, London came at last, and all the hurry and bustle of Euston Station; and when he had got his things put on the top of a hansom, and given his address to the driver, there was an end of dreams. No more dreams were possible in this great vortex of a city into which he was now plunged—a turbulent, bewildering, vast black hole it seemed, and yet all afire with its blaze of windows and lamps. In Strathairvon the night was a gentle thing—it came stealing over the landscape as soft as sleep; it brought silence with it and a weight to tired eyes; it bade the woods be still; and to the lonely and darkened peaks of the hills it unveiled its canopy of trembling stars. But here there was no night—there was yellow fire, there were black chabouts unceasingly hurrying hither and thither, and a dull and constant roar more continuous than that of any sea. Tottenham Court Road after Strathairvon! But here at least was actuality; the time for sentimental sorrows, for dumb and hopeless regrets, was over and gone.

And who was the first to greet him on his return to London—who but Nina?—not in person, truly, but by a very graceful little message. The moment he went into his sitting-room his eye fell on the tiny nosegay lying on the table; and when he took the card from the accompanying envelope, he knew whose handwriting he would find there. "Welcome home—from Nina!"—that was all; but it was enough to make him rather remorseful. Too much had he neglected his old comrade and ally; he had scarcely ever written to her; she had been but little in his thoughts. Poor Nina!—It was a shame he should treat so faithful a friend so ill; he might have remembered her a little more, had not his head been stuffed with foolish fancies. Well, as soon as he had changed, and swallowed some bit of food, he would jump into a hansom and go along to the New Theatre: he would be too late to judge of Nina's *Grace Mainwaring* as a whole, but he would have a little chat with herself in the wings.

He was later in getting there than he had expected; indeed, as he made his way to the side of the stage, he discovered that his *locum tenens* had just been recalled, and was singing for the second time the well-known serenade "The Starry Night"—and very well he sang it, too, confound him! Lionel said to himself. And here was Nina, standing on a small platform at the top of a short ladder, and waiting until the passionate appeal of her sweetheart (in the garden without) should be finished. She did not know of the presence of the new comer. Lionel might have pulled her skirts, it is true, to apprise her of his being there; but that would not have been decorous; besides, he dared not distract her attention from the business of the stage. As soon as the last verse of the serenade had been sung, with its recurring refrain—

*Appear, my sweet, and shame the skies,
That have no splendour
That have no splendour like thine eyes.*

Nina—that is, *Grace Mainwaring*—carefully opened the casement at which she was supposed to be standing. A flood of moonlight—lime-light, rather—fell on her; but Lionel could not see how she looked the part, because her back was towards him. Very timidly *Grace Mainwaring* glanced this way and that, to make sure that no one could observe her; she took a rose from her hair, kissed it, and dropped it to her enraptured lover below. It was the end of the act. She had to come down quickly from the platform for the recall that resounded through the theatre; she did not chance to notice Lionel.

she was led on and across the stage by *Harry Thornhill*, she bowing repeatedly and gracefully, he reserving his acknowledgement until he had handed her off. The reception both of them got was most gratifying; there could be no doubt of the sincerity of the applause of this crowded house.

"It seems to me I am not wanted here any more," Lionel said to himself. "Even Nina won't take any notice of the stranger."

The next moment Nina, who was coming across the stage, caught sight of him, and with a little cry of delight she ran towards him—yes, ran; for what cared she about carpenters and scene-shifters?—and caught both his hands in hers.

"Ah, Leo!" she cried, with glad-shining eyes. "Oh, so brown you are!—a hunter!—you are from the forests! And to-day you are here—and already at the theatre—did you hear the duet—no? Ah, it is good to see you again, after so long!—I could laugh and cry together, it is such a joy to see you—and see you looking so well—"

"I say, Nina," he said, "that fellow Doyle sings tremendously well—he's ever so much improved—they'll be wanting him to take my place altogether, and sending me off into the country."

"You, Leo!" she said, with a merry laugh, and still she regarded him with those delighted, welcoming eyes. "Ah, yes, it is likely! Ah, you will see what reception they will give you on Monday. Yes, it is in all the papers already—everywhere I see it; but come—Miss Girond and I, we have Miss Burgoyne's room for the present—you can wait for a few minutes, then I come out to talk to you."

Lionel (feeling very much like a stranger in this place) followed her into Miss Burgoyne's room, where he found Mlle. Girond only too ready to throw away the French novel she was reading. Nina had to disappear into the dressing-room; but this small boy-officer in the gay uniform, with his or her pretty gesticulation and charm of broken English, was quite willing to entertain Mr. Moore, though at times she would forget all about him, and walk across to the full-length mirror, and twist her small moustache. She chatted to him now and again; she returned to the mirror to touch her eyebrows or adjust her sash; she walked about, or flicked the dust from her shining Wellingtons with a silk handkerchief; again she contemplated herself in the glass, and lightly sang—

*En déjorant de Saint-Malo
Nos longs avirons battaient l'eau!*

Then she was called away for the beginning of the last act; and Nina, having made the change necessary for her next appearance, came out from the dressing-room and sat down.

"Oh, you are wicked, Leo," she said, as she contentedly crossed her hands in her lap, and looked at the young man with those friendly eyes, "that you stayed away so long. I wished to sing the duet with you—but no—you begin Monday—and Miss Burgoyne comes back Monday—"

"Does she? I thought she was ordered a long rest."

Nina laughed.

"She sees in the papers that you come back—it is to be a great occasion—she says to herself, 'Will he sing with that Italian girl? No! Let my throat be well or ill, I am going back;' and she is coming, Leo. Never mind; I am to have the part of *Clara*; is it not an advancement? And everything is so much more comfortable now; Miss Girond has taken a room with Mrs. Grey; then we go home always together; and she has the use of the piano—"

"Miss Ross, please!" called a voice at the door.

"All right!" she called in reply.

"The chorus is on, Miss."

"All right!"

"Ah," she continued, "it is so good to see you back, Leo; yes, yes; London was a stranger city when you were away—there was no one. And it is all you I have to thank, Leo, for my introduction here and my good fortune—"

"Oh, nonsense, Nina!" he said. "What else could I have done? It isn't you who ought to thank me—it's Lehmann: I consider him precious lucky to have got a substitute for Miss Burgoyne so easily. So Miss Burgoyne is coming back on Monday?"

"Yes," said Nina, as she went to the door. "Shall I see you again, Leo, to-night?"

"Oh, I'm coming to hear you sing 'Now to the dance,'" he said, as he followed her out into the corridor, and ascended with her into the wings.

This was a busy act for Nina; and the next time he had an opportunity of talking with her was after she had dressed herself in her full robes and was come up ready to go on the stage. Nina looked a little self-conscious when she first encountered him in this attire; perhaps she was afraid of his contrasting her appearance with that of Miss Burgoyne. If he did, it was certainly not to Nina's disadvantage. No; Nina was much more distinguished-looking and refined than the pert little doll-like bride represented by Miss Burgoyne: she wore the gorgeous costume of flowered white satin with ease and grace; and her portentous white wig, with its feathered brilliants and strings of pearls, seemed to add a greater depth and softness and mild lustre to her dark, expressive eyes. For an instant, as she came up to him, those beautiful, dark eyes were turned to the ground.

"I did not choose anything, Leo," she said, modestly; "I have had to copy Miss Burgoyne."

"Well, there's a difference somehow, Nina;" said he, "and I think Miss Burgoyne had better begin and copy you."

In a swift instant she raised her eyes: she was more than pleased. But she said nothing—indeed, she had now to go on the stage. And if he had contrasted her appearance favourably with that of Miss Burgoyne, he was now inclined to give a similar verdict with regard to her acting. It certainly wanted the self-confidence of experience, and also the emphasis and exaggeration of comedy; it was not nearly impudent enough for the upper society; but it was graceful and natural to a degree that surprised him. As for her voice, that was incomparably better than Miss Burgoyne's; it was a fresh, sympathetic, finely modulated voice that had been uninjured either by excessive training or excessive work. Lionel was quite proud of his *protégée*; unseen, here in the wings, he could applaud as loudly as any; if Nina did not hear, he must have been deaf. And when she came off at the end of the first act, or rather, immediately after the recall, which was as enthusiastic as the soul of actor or actress could desire—there was no stint to his praise; and Nina's heartfelt pleasure on hearing this warm commendation shone through all her stage make-up. He asked if he could wait to act as escort to Miss Girond and herself; but Nina said no; Miss Girond and she went home every night by themselves in a four-wheeled cab; she knew he must be tired after his long journey; and he must go away and get to bed at once. So Lionel shook hands with her; and left the theatre; and walked carelessly and absently home to his lodgings in Piccadilly.

Well, he was glad to find his old friend and comrade Nina getting on so well, and so proud of her success, and looking so charming in her new part; and he guessed that she must have written to the grumbling old Pandiani, and sent photographs of herself as *Grace Melincare* to Andrea and Carmela and her other Neapolitan friends. But it was not of Nina that he thought long, as he lay in the easy-chair, and smoked, and listened to the heavy murmur of the streets without. He had not got used to London yet. The theatre seemed to him a great, glaring thing; the lime-light an impertinent sham; even the applause of the delighted audience somehow brutal and offensive. There was no repose, no reticence,

no self-respect and modesty about the whole affair; it was all too violent; a fanfaronade; a coarse and ostentatious make-believe, that seemed a kind of insult to a quiet mind. He turned away from it altogether. His fancies had fled to the North again; the long railway-journey was annihilated; again he was driving out to the still and beautiful valley, where those kind friends were standing at the door of the Lodge, fluttering a white welcome to him. He goes down the steep hill-side; he crosses the stream at the Horse's Drink; he reaches the hall-door, and is shaking hands with this one and that. And if the tall, proud maiden with the fine forehead and the clear calm hazel eyes is not among this group, be sure she will be here in the evening, to add her greeting to the rest. Oh, to think of that next morning—the sweet air blowing down from the hills—the silver lights among the purple clouds—the Aivron swinging along its gravelly bed, a deep clear bronze where the sunlight strikes the shallows! Further and further into the solitudes these two idly wander—away from human ken—until the dogs in the kennels are no longer heard, nor is there even a black-cock crowing in the woods: nothing but the hum of the bees, and the whisper of the birch-branches, and the hushed low thunder of the Geinig falls. He could almost hear it now: or was not the continuous murmur that dazed and dinned his ears a sadly different sound—the muffled roar of cabs and carriages along Piccadilly, bearing home this teeming population from the glare and glare of the crowded theatres? A different sound indeed! He had come into another world; and the Aivron and Geinig, far away, were alone with the darkness and the stars.

(To be continued)



THE comic element is, in African fashion, strangely mingled with the very ghastliest tragic in Mr. R. P. Ashe's "Two Kings of Uganda" (Sampson Low). Mwanga asks, "Can you do a high jump?" and insists on Mr. Ashe swimming, while he watches with childish delight, and then takes to covetously admiring the white man's "beautiful clothes." Yet, like Mtesa, who would never hear religion talked of except in a jest, Mwanga was a monster of cruelty and obscenity, "possessed with a passion for blood." Mtesa's burial was happily unattended with any "great customs;" Mr. Ashe's brother missionary, Mr. Mackay, had to make the coffin out of all sorts of copper vessels, the great difficulty being to get metal enough, though, by successive squeezings, the dead king had been made as thin as a mummy. The saddest part of the book is the reprint of some of Bishop Hannington's diary. Hannington in fever, calling for Mackay; Hannington in high glee, making a Christmas pudding; Hannington robbing the lions of their whelp; Hannington at last writing:—"Only a few ladies came to see the wild beast to-day. I felt so low and wretched I retired within my den, whither they followed me." Mr. Ashe asks how far the Church is justified in sending missionaries to countries which they cannot reach without being armed? We may add—How far are white men justified in making themselves the sport of black tyrants in places which even those who went to war with Abyssinia for the sake of Missionary Stern will pronounce inaccessible? Very sad, too, is the record of the murders of convert page-boys. How far the persecution from which Mr. Ashe narrowly escaped was due to dread of European annexation it is hard to tell. Mwanga was pretty well posted as to the issue of the Franco-German War, and of course he thought the killing of Gordon a proof of the Mahdi's invincibility. Mr. Ashe is as humorous about the defects of his outfit—"No salt, but Epsom salts by the stone; no butter, but abundance of castor oil, &c."—as he is about the Buganda plan of retiring to blow your nose (colds are very common) upon a small square of bark cloth.

Always interesting, the "Report of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Sampson Low) contains this time a more than usually valuable set of papers. The veteran Mr. W. Gisborne's paper on Colonisation gave Lord Meath the opportunity of insisting on the difference between colonisation and emigration, and of pleading forcibly for his plan of State aid. The discussion on Mr. A. P. Hensman's account of Western Australia accentuated the truth, which Government for some time seemed unwilling to admit, that there we have "an Imperial inheritance which it would be most undesirable to hand over to a few thousand people." Sir Lepel Griffin was slashing, as usual, in his onslaught on the Native Princes of India. As Mr. Hurrychund Chintamon remarked, the fact that some of these princes are failures must not be made an excuse for destroying the dynasties. The settlement of a military colony in Kashmir was also canvassed. That natives take a part in these meetings proves that the Institute is justifying its claim to be not English only, but Imperial. The speech, for instance, on Mr. H. H. Johnston's paper on British West African trade was made by Mr. S. Lewis, a negro of Sierra Leone. Combating Mr. Johnston's too indiscriminate censure of the Sierra Leoners, Mr. Lewis showed that, so far from being "the sweepings of Africa," they are mainly descended from the Yorubas, "a people much like the English in aptness for trade, intelligence, and industry. The truth is, the Sierra Leoners have forced their way to the front almost everywhere on the West Coast. They have contracted the English vices of independence, and straightforwardness, and plain-speaking, and don't allow themselves to be kicked about as some Africans do." This twentieth volume contains the account of a banquet to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary, at which the Prince of Wales presided, while both Lords Rosebery and Brassey made speeches.

As well illustrated as "Behind the Bungalow" (though in a wholly different style) is the late Surgeon-Major Theobald Purcell's "Suburb of Yedo" (Chapman and Hall). The letter-press gives very graphic sketches of the Japanese at home, their dainty miniature gardens, the ceremonious politeness even of the humblest. The barber, the doctor, the story-teller, the sparrow-catcher, the street-artist, who draws his pictures, not in chalks, but in dyed sands, all appear on Mr. Purcell's canvas. The book is full of pathetic touches (as how could it fail to be when "Old Japan" was passing away before the writer's eyes?). It is also a storehouse of old customs and superstitions. The wide-spread belief in "holy tones," which it is impossible to dig up, and which cure various maladies, is found in Japan. More distinctive is Nagaré Kanjo, the cloth looped up at the four corners, into which kindly passers-by pour water to help out of purgatory the soul of a woman who has died in child-birth. Such an act is one proof out of many that "whatever the faults of the Japanese, a want of kindness and sympathy can never be included among them."

In "Literary Influence in British History" (Allen) the Hon. A. S. G. Canning had a grand subject, which he has used as might be expected from the author of "Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays" and the able analyst of Scott's characters. His treatment of the Tudor period is, perhaps, the most suggestive. So much sickening nonsense is talked about the Renaissance, that it is refreshing to read "the literary knowledge and education of Henry VIII's time, instead of checking bigotry, were usually enlisted in its favour." He notes the tact with which Shakespeare "gives only the first part of Henry's reign," but he scarcely brings into due prominence the unpleasant fact that in Tudor times the

royal policy became saturated with that mischievous literature known as Machiavellian. We are glad he again points out Lord Macaulay's "moral recklessness," which, while devoting page after page of glowing praise to very questionable heroes, can dismiss such a man as Ken with the cold remark, "The little that is known of him is to his honour." About quite modern times he is scrupulously fair. Himself a Tory, he admits that "none of Lord Beaconsfield's literary efforts showed the real greatness of his mind." The question in "Coningsby":—"Who can deny that Christ is the eternal glory of the Jewish Race?" seems to him as incongruous as Moore writing, "On our side is Virtue and Erin, On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt," while he chose to live in England, the pet of Society. Strangely enough, while warmly and deservedly praising the Irish chapters in Mr. Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Canning ignores the sudden change of front which has made Mr. Lecky a champion of Unionism.

When even parsons are driven to turn their glebe into pasture Professor Wrightson's "Fallow and Fodder Crops" (Chapman and Hall) is sure to be read with special interest. Mr. Wrightson's work at Downton is guarantee for his being practical; and his opening pages show that, unlike some "book farmers," he means business instead of dilating on botany, chemistry, geology, &c. After discussing the need of bare fallows and their cost, he details the Cirencester, Rothamsted, Sapperton, and other experiments, compares the value of the different roots and grasses, and ends with a history of ensilage—which he had described as "sour hay" in the *Agricultural Society's Journal* in 1874. The book is one from which farmers cannot fail to learn much.

Our notice of Mr. Sidney Whitman's "Imperial Germany" (Trübner), must needs be sadly inadequate. It is a book to be read and studied, marked as it is by historical insight (witness the pregnant remark that "Had Germany had a Cavour in 1815, Alsace would have become German, Lorraine would still be French, and the war of 1870 would never have been fought") as well as by subtle analysis of character. In this latter respect, the Germans are a puzzle. "Deutsche Treue" is their old motto; yet even the proverbial Yankee with his wooden nutmegs is a less unscrupulous pirate of trademarks, and fabricator of cheap and nasty imitations. Then the slavish worship of mere rank (quite different from our "love of a lord") is strange in a people whose boast is freedom, and whose moving principle, Mr. Whitman asserts, is "the sense of duty." Again, while denying their originality in Art, Mr. Whitman says Germans think more for themselves than we do; that is why the Press is less a power among them than among us. "The strangely double nature of their character" is shown, too, in the fact that, though the papers are almost as full of *Heirathsgesuche* as is our *Matrimonial News*, "German girls are much less influenced by the hope of marrying money than are the daughters of our well-to-do classes—with German men it is the reverse." We hope we have done with Solingen bayonets; the men who made them are those who send out *facsimiles* of Sheffield packages with "Rogers" altered to "Rotgens," "Novill" to "Nobill," &c. In one thing the Germans set us an example: instead of making a revenue out of patent medicine stamps, their Government periodically publishes analyses of quack drugs, showing that stuff sold for many shillings costs the makers a very few pence.

Mr. Froude has not a pleasant way of putting things. While telling, in his "English in Ireland," many wholesome truths, he did so in such terms as to make himself hated by the people whose misgovernment he had been deploring. In like manner, in his "Bow of Ulysses," he deprecated giving representative governments to those West Indian islands which are still Crown colonies. This was all very well, but when he threatened that if it was done we should be paving the way for a return to savagery—that these islands would become what Hayti is, and worse; blood-stained dens given up to devil-worship, cannibalism, and Obeah, it could scarcely be expected that educated negroes like Mr. J. J. Thomas, lately deceased, author of "The Creole Grammar," would sit down quietly under the imputation. In "Froudacity" (Fisher Unwin), Mr. Thomas, borrowing a word coined in Australia to characterise Mr. Froude's peculiar manner, shows that Hayti is by no means a fair precedent. The Haytians passed at once, wholly untaught and untrained, from cruel slavery to freedom; and the case was complicated by the treachery of the mulattos. The coloured people in Trinidad, &c., have, on the contrary, had nearly two generations of freedom since emancipation, and they are not divided into hostile factions. He further traverses most of Mr. Froude's allegations, and protests in powerful language against that gentleman's appeal: "Wanted, a religion for the West Indian blacks." The book is well worth reading, not only for its own sake (and it does prove its point), but also as being the work of one of those whom Carlyle, the Apostle of Mr. Froude's "Gospel of Force," scoffed at under the provoking title of "Quashee."

"The Chronology and Analysis of International Law," by Mr. Percy Pain (Digby and Long), is one of those books which we owe to the exigencies of competitive examinations, but although it professes to be a "cram" book only, Mr. Pain's book will be of use even to the general reader in affording him an orderly exposition of the chief rules which govern the intercourse of State.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is much honest, hearty good feeling combined with a strong sentiment of religion in "Human Sympathy: a Collection of Rough Blocks of Verse," by "One of Those Who Loves His Fellow Men," published by A. Green, of Bolton. The subjects are very varied. "Indigestion" and "Tobacco" are not far from "Lord Help Us," "Heaven and Hell," and "The Wounded Warrior." But the poet is always sensible and healthy and is not without a certain rough humour, of which a good specimen may be found in "The Reason Why," which runs:—

Why these fierce imprecations,
Why these rushings to and fro,
Why these wild gesticulations,
And these words so full of woe?
Why these agonised contortions,
Why thy face with anger black?
—it!! ask a few less questions,
I've been sitting on a tack!!"
(Business end up).

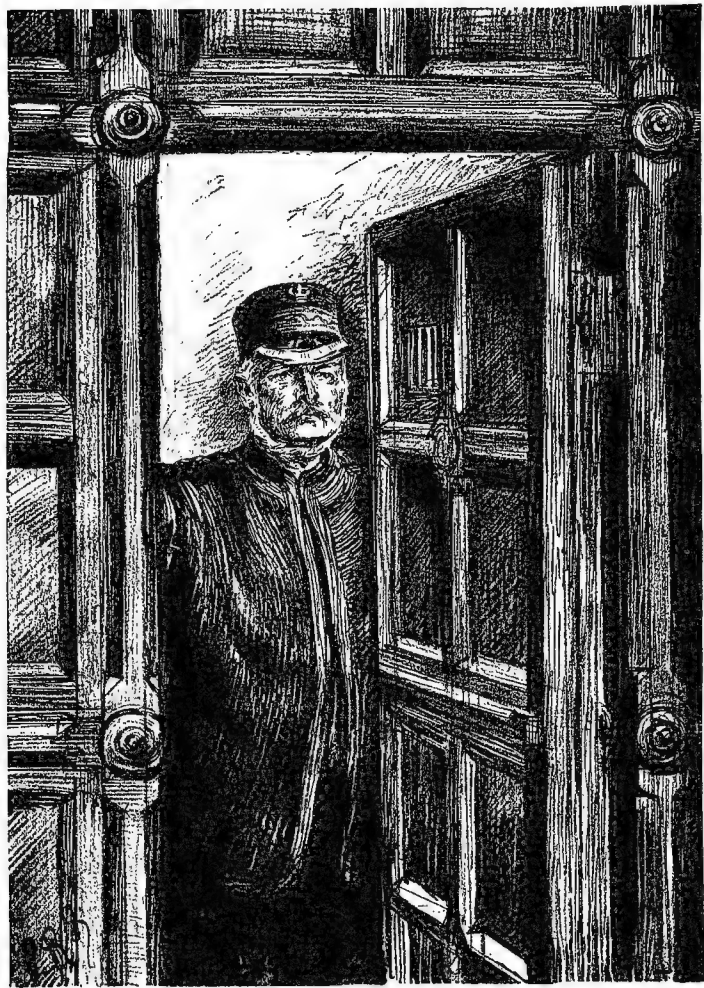
From the Antipodes—that is to say, from Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney—we have "Sun and Cloud on River and Sea," by Ishmael Dare. Though this gentleman's fluency in versifying renders him at times reckless in the matter of grammar, he occasionally expresses himself very prettily. He has, we fancy, been at school with Mr. Swinburne, and in "A Climb at Daydawn" he apostrophises the Sun in a style which should not displease his master. The following, from "Moonlight in the Tropics," is commendable:—

And then a slowly-brightening track
Shines out in splendour on the waves
And lightens all the cloudy wrack,
And all the west with radiance paves,
And lifts the pall, and turns our gaze—
Still aching with the glare of noon—
Up to a sheen of softer rays—
A low, bright moon.

If Mr. Dare is a young poet, with pains and pruning he may come to something.

CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON—PART II.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &c.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE PRISON—THE DOORKEEPER ADMITS VISITORS

THE AIR OF WORMWOOD SCRUBS is pure and healthy, and gives a man an appetite, and the general fare, though sufficient for bodily support, is hardly as ample as a prisoner would like. The food is excellent—a good-sized loaf and a pint of cocoa for breakfast; soup, or rice, or meat, with a similar loaf for dinner; a pint of tea or gruel with a third loaf as a wind-up. The

serving of the meals is done by a warder with two prisoners in attendance upon him, who carry round the baskets of bread and the cans of tea and gruel. Only the good-conduct prisoners have the luxury of tea, we believe. The warder serves out at the door of each cell; the prisoner has his pint filled, takes his loaf, and steps back and closes his door with commendable celerity. A whole ward full of prisoners is served in seven or eight minutes.

Meals are obtained with greater regularity than in the free estate before the gates were locked against them. It has, as a rule, not been a career of affluence out of gaol. A short while since a visitor to this prison—a poor outcast of a woman—took her brother sharply to task on this question, after being reprimanded for her want of feeling towards him.

"Why haven't you been here afore to see me?" was one of his complaints.

"Couldn't," was the laconic answer.

"Why not?"

"No tin," was the quick reply. "Had to have a whip round amongst 'em all to get up fourpence to pay my railway fare down here to-day."

"Don't believe it."

"Ah; it's all very well for you to talk. You have your meals regular now. Well, I don't. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning—you have. You've something to be thankful for—I haven't. Don't you grumble."

A little extra in the way of refreshment—if the weather should be very hot—is supplied at this prison to the convicts who are employed in building operations. Water mixed with oatmeal is given out at certain periods of the day. The men are allowed to take it in turn to help themselves to this, and considerable ingenuity is exercised by the old penal servitude hand in getting more than his fair share—in giving, for instance, an ingenious and deep scoop of his utensil and bringing to the surface rather more oatmeal than he is lawfully entitled to. The oatmeal itself is more "satisfying" than the water, which is simply thickened with that ingredient, and an extra proportion is worth securing, if possible.

There are other varieties of labour beside brickmaking and bricklaying at Wormwood Scrubs. There is shoemaking for those whose health is not strong, or who are "in solitary;" there is the making of Post-office bags; tailoring, if we recollect right; and, lastly, book-binding and printing on a somewhat considerable scale.

This latter branch is particularly interesting to a visitor, and is somewhat of the nature of a novelty as regards prison labour. For in no other prison of our acquaintance have we any remembrance of a printing and book-binding establishment attached; it appears to be a luxury of work for prisoners of a fair degree of intelligence—or whose health is not particularly strong. Here, at Wormwood Scrubs,

are printed all the books for prison service—all the journals, ledgers, and cash books required in all the prisons—all the lists and forms and schedules—and here the binding goes on of innumerable portly account books, big enough and solid enough and handsome enough for bankers' counters and merchants' offices. The work is admirably done, and the prisoners take a pride in turning it out well. Stereotyping is even attempted.

The prisoners appear anxious to show the best specimens of their work to the visitors, and more than anxious to get in just a word of explanation now and then, to say something to somebody who is from the outside, and who is a link as it were between the free world and their sad prison-house. These are probably the men with the longest sentences—"lifers" some of them—and who are, as a rule, generally the best behaved.

Here is one of the saddest of sights—a man who has held holy Orders, and who is looking very unlike a clergyman now in his convict dress; and here, unless we are greatly mistaken, is actually one whom we have known in old times as a brisk young fellow, who was the pride of his mother, and "she was a widow."

Last seen by the writer of these lines as a visitor with a complaint, with a protest against a garden-wall having given way between his house in Cold Harbour Lane, Brixton, and a tenant's of our own next door to him—he was possessed with very considerable powers of argument, we remember, and anxious to prove that the damage was our lookout, not his; a shrewd young man, a bachelor then, with life before him—Louis Staunton, afterwards condemned to death, and sentence commuted to penal servitude for life, for the "Penge murder"—which we take the liberty of thinking was not a murder at all, but only a miserable story of neglect and greed, culminating in the death of one weak woman.

There are a few special posts for prisoners at the "Scrubs." The garden is, for instance, an occupation invariably given to a well-behaved convict who is not strong enough for active work, or for sedentary employment in the seclusion of his cell. He has at least life in the sunshine, and keeps the strips of garden-ground and grass-beds in order round the broad spaces where the prisoners exercise.

Then there is the keeper of the tool-houses, where the spades and picks and trowels are stored that have been in use during the day, an occupation of trust that is highly valued; and there is the attendant of the chain-room. Of course these men are under surveillance with the rest, although it is hardly as strict. They are men who are trusted, and whose long service without a report has advanced them in the scale.

The chain-room is one of the features of interest in this busy prison. Herein are all the paraphernalia of prison punishment—a little torture-chamber of a somewhat mild description. Herein, hanging from the walls, are chains of every degree of pattern and thickness, and all scrupulously bright, without flaw or fleck; and a history of handcuffs might be compiled from the numerous specimens arranged in patterns on all sides—large handcuffs and small, old-fashioned and new—handcuffs that have gone completely out of use, heavy, cumbersome, unsightly,

and most unfashionable—and neat and natty handcuffs of which any refractory might be proud, if, it were not for the galling fact that they are too highly effective in checking the free disposal of one's limbs. The visitor is shown with no small degree of pride, the identical handcuffs which H. R. H. the Princess of Wales insisted upon trying on on the occasion of her visit to Wormwood Scrubs some two years since—handcuffs that are sacred now to sightseers, and which will in all probability hamper no convict's movements again.

In this room also are some glittering, but particularly ugly, steel tripods, to which the prisoner who has been extra disobedient and refractory may be fastened bare-backed at embarrassing epochs in his career; whilst above them are various specimens of the birch-rod and the cat, some of them light and airy trifles, which seem to suggest that they are only there "for fun," and others that evidently mean business of an unpleasant character should circumstances arise to bring them into active operation.

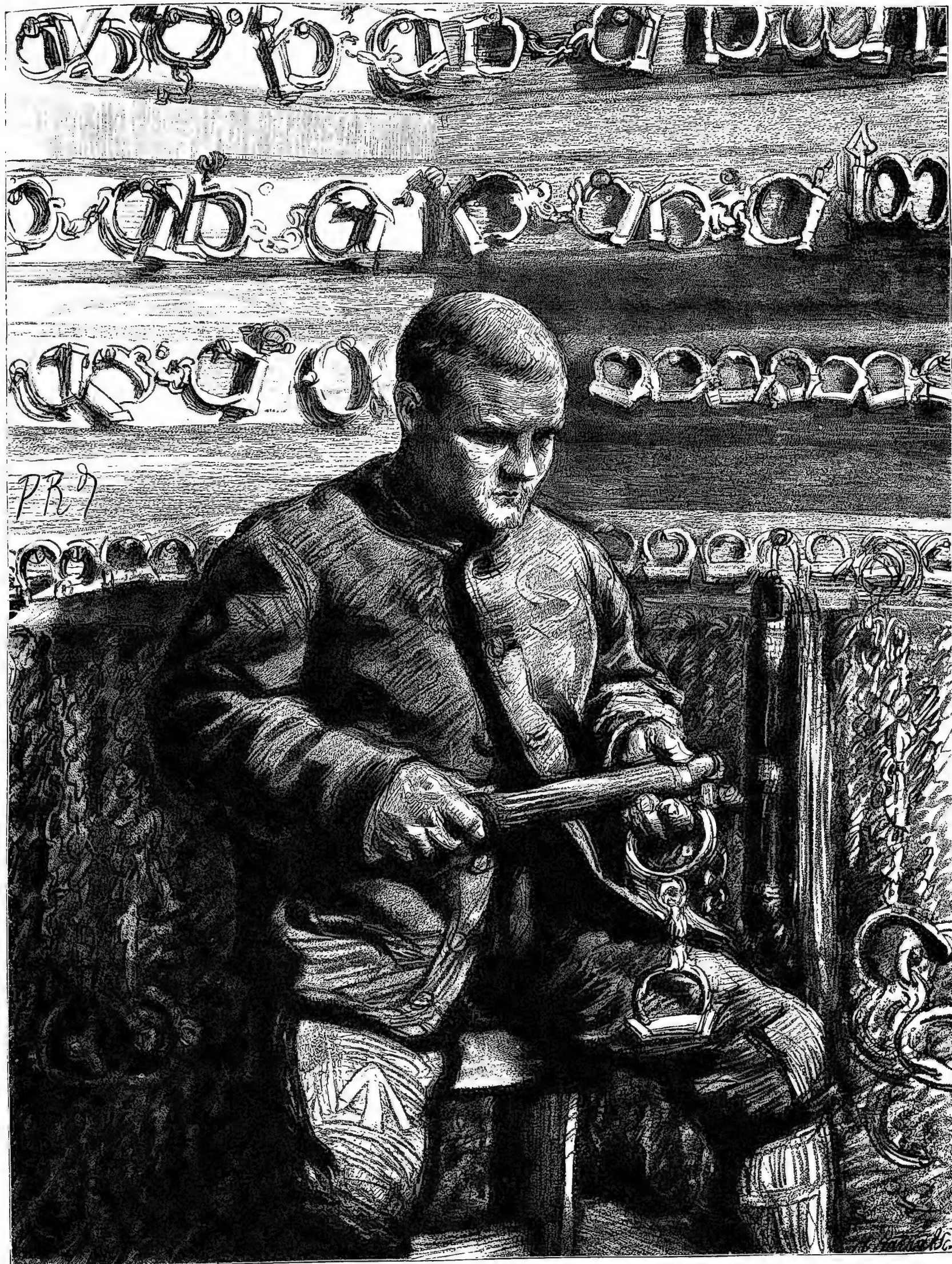
There is much food for thought in the chain-room of the prison at Wormwood Scrubs, and one is glad, with a little shiver, to get out of it.

The prisoner whose mission it is to keep these manacles and various appurtenances of punishment in order, and who spends most of his time in polishing and re-polishing, is absent on the first occasion of our visit.

"He will know people have been, though," said Chief Warder Stone to us, "and which articles have been touched and taken down." He is a man with his heart in his work, and our artist has since drawn him to the life at his task of furbishing up the property of which he is the proud custodian.



DINNER PARADE—COOKS AT ATTENTION IN THE KITCHEN WAITING FOR THE GOVERNOR



A LABOUR OF LOVE—A WELL-BEHAVED CONVICT WHO KEEPS THE HANDCUFFS BRIGHT
CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOARD



THE second ballots in FRANCE on Sunday exactly fulfilled expectation. The Republicans obtained a considerable majority—128 against 51 Reactionaries—and the Boulangists were badly defeated, just as at the first elections. Owing to the result being so plainly foreseen, no excitement whatever was felt, but voters went early to the polls, and hurried away to make holiday in the fine weather. Indeed, France has never known so quiet an election day. The Paris Boulevards were thronged at night awaiting the returns, yet beyond a little ferment at Montmartre and Belleville, when M. Rochefort's failure was announced, the people were orderly and good-tempered. So also in the provinces, where, at Toulouse, the Republicans merely celebrated the victory of M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, over the Boulangist candidate by a comic satirical procession. General relief prevails that the country is spared the shock of a change of Government, more especially as present appearances indicate that the Moderates will control events rather than the Radicals. Should the Moderate Republicans and the true Conservatives combine—on the plan of the British Unionists—they would command a good majority in the Chamber, and much general popularity. Some such alliance is needed, for parties in the House are balanced pretty much as they were in the last Chamber, and the Government supporters are not strong enough to stand alone without either Radical or Conservative help. The pure Radicals are weaker than before by some forty seats, many of their strongholds having fallen to the Boulangists, who are mostly converted Radicals. The exact division of parties may be calculated as 364 Republicans and 211 of the Opposition; the former section consisting of 240 Moderates and 124 Radicals, the latter split up into 168 Royalists and Bonapartists, and 43 Boulangists. There being 282 new men elected, these figures may possibly alter as the Session proceeds. Though distinctly beaten, Boulangism cannot be considered dead, for the avowed Boulangists outnumber by 18 those in the last Parliament. They chiefly represent the large towns of France, Paris and the suburbs alone sending 18, although the triumphant majorities of last January no longer exist. But the General's departure to Jersey is a virtual confession that the cause is hopeless at present, so naturally the rats are leaving the sinking ship. Thus M. Hervé, the Comte de Paris's right hand, coolly throws the General over, and prophesies that his influence will soon vanish; while M. Arthur Meyer, editor of the *Gaulois*, and formerly an enthusiastic convert from Royalism, quits his quondam allies with a cynical farewell headed—"Bon soir, messieurs." Nevertheless, some lively scenes over the verification of the election: may be expected when the Chamber meets, probably about November 12.

Chill autumn has brought most people back to PARIS, which continues crowded with visitors anxious for a last look at the Exhibition before it closes on the 31st inst. On Sunday the admissions to the Exhibition beat the record, numbering 335,000. The farewell fêtes begin next week at the Elysée, and there is also to be a grand Franco-Belgian festival in aid of the Antwerp sufferers, when the precious figures of the Antwerp giants will arrive for the occasion. Dramatic circles are lively again. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is playing in a gorgeous revival of *Théodora* at the Porte St. Martin, and a dull melodrama has come out at the Château d'Eau, *La Conspiration du Général Malet*, by MM. de Lassus, Dorville, and Richard, which the Censure refused to permit till after the elections, lest its political bent should be misinterpreted. Another eminent military leader has died, General Lebrun, best known for his heroic defence of Bazeilles in the Franco-Prussian War.

After many false alarms, the Czar's visit to GERMANY has at last been undertaken. His Majesty was expected at Berlin yesterday (Friday) morning, but his stay will be short and, from present signs, more like a necessary civility in returning Emperor William's visit than a cordial and pleasant action. Indeed, the Czar will not be the German Emperor's guest at one of his palaces, but will reside on his own territory at the Russian Embassy. Moreover, it is especially marked that Emperor William did not remain at Kiel to receive the Czar, although he went there on purpose to greet the British Squadron—no small compliment. Certainly, the German Emperor is a honorary British Admiral, but great importance is nevertheless attached to this special honour to England, particularly considering how warmly the Emperor greeted and entertained the British officers. The Czar reached Kiel the very next night, and would arrive at Berlin to breakfast, being greeted at the station by the Emperor and Imperial House. A gala banquet and operatic representation follow in the evening, to-day (Saturday) an Imperial shooting party takes place at Letzlingen, and on Sunday, after an official lunch at the Russian Embassy, the Czar leaves for home. M. de Giers does not accompany his Sovereign, and, as usual, official circles are busily asserting that the meeting has no political object, though no one credits such assertions. The Press teems with suppositions that Russia wishes to counteract the effect of the Triple Alliance, but the Germans remain very cool towards Russia, and still complain of the danger of her military preparations on the frontier, in spite of Prince Bismarck's declaration that the foreign situation is most peaceful. On his side, the Czar can neither relish the coming Greco-German marriage nor the German Emperor's intended visit to Constantinople, which has aroused so much interest and congratulation in Austria and Turkey. The Russian journals indeed are most bitter on the subject, and abuse Prince Bismarck and the Germans with renewed vigour. Public opinion generally persists in considering this visit as an event of the highest importance, which must exercise great influence over affairs in Eastern Europe, and bring Turkey into closer touch with the Allied Powers. Indeed, the Triple Alliance is more discussed than ever, thanks to the article of "Outidanos" in the *Contemporary Review*, which has been widely commented on in Continental circles, and has given much offence in Italy. But Emperor William does not devote all his time to foreign affairs. He has personally given a severe snub to the Junker, or Old Conservative party, for attacking through their mouthpiece, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the Cartel party, or coalition of United Conservatives and National Liberals. The journal complained that the Emperor was obliged to govern according to the dictates of the Cartel party, so His Majesty promptly expressed his strong disapproval of such political views, attacks, and insinuations, adding that he allowed no party to possess the Imperial ear. The Junkers have meekly accepted their scolding, and many adherents have deserted the clique out of loyalty to the Emperor, but there is general surprise that His Majesty should condescend to enter upon newspaper strife.

The deadlock in SERVIA continues, but at last there is a faint hope that Queen Nathalie will eventually come to terms. As yet she adheres to her rights, while the Government dare not yield, being bound in honour to King Milan. The Queen takes her stand upon the Constitution, which authorises every Servian subject to live within the kingdom. As, however, the same laws provide that King Milan shall superintend his son's education, entailing his frequent residence in Servia, it is evident that the country cannot contain both King and Queen at the same time without serious trouble. Accordingly, the Regents and Ministry try to shift the

responsibility to the new Lesser Skuptschina, which meets to-morrow, and will probably be persuaded to vote a measure defining the limit of the King and Queen's stay in Servia. Queen Nathalie announces beforehand that she will not accept any such decision, as only the Great Skuptschina has any power to alter the Constitution. Legally, she is right, indeed the Ministry themselves are loth to violate the Constitution, fearing to create a dangerous precedent. The Belgrade public warmly side with Her Majesty, while the Queen receives strong support from Russia, who is generally credited with endeavouring to overthrow the present Dynasty in favour of a Muscovite protégé. As a counterpoise to Russian influence in Servia, AUSTRIA openly espouses the cause of BULGARIA. The Emperor gave the first hint of this change of policy when he praised Bulgaria at the meeting of the Delegations, and now an important inspired article in Count Kalnoky's organ, the *Fremdenblatt*, warmly urges the official recognition of Prince Ferdinand. This article advises the Porte to take the initiative for the Prince's recognition at once, as, now that Bulgaria has shown her capacity for self-government, no Cabinet could reasonably refuse the demand, and the Porte's action would almost certainly be followed by the other Powers. Naturally the Bulgaria's have eagerly seized upon the Austrian suggestion, and the semi-official *Svoboda* even asserts that the country will declare her independence if her suzerain remains indifferent much longer. But TURKEY, as usual, pays little attention to menaces on any subject, witness her apathy about ARMENIA. Fresh complaints come in respecting the harsh treatment of the Christians, yet the settlement of the Moussa Bey outrages seems as far off as ever. Though the witnesses against the notorious chief have been duly interrogated, their examination has been annulled through a minor technicality and must be gone over again. Further, the Porte declares that certain articles of the Berlin Treaty prevent reforms being introduced specially into Armenia, lest other Christian communities should raise similar claims. Turkish dealings with CRETE are evidently no more satisfactory, for the situation is still very serious. Many refugees are encamped in the mountains, escaping from the cruelty of the Ottoman troops, while their Greek brethren at Athens aid the malcontents, and put considerable pressure on the Hellenic Government to act more forcibly in the matter.

Military affairs form the chief news of interest from INDIA. The Punjab frontier force has been re-arranged under the reformed mobilisation scheme, and will consist of north and south divisions, ready to advance immediately across the frontier in case of war. To meet all such necessary expenses, the Commander-in-Chief is granted increased spending powers without referring to the Government. Sir F. Roberts, by the by, has been insisting on the necessity of good shooting on the battle-field. He points out that marksmanship is a tradition of the English race, and that it is better not to fire at all than to fire wildly. The shooting of the native troops has greatly improved this year. Public meetings sympathising with the Bombay corrupt native officials are still being held, and the Hindoos and Mahomedans have again come into serious collision, this time at Madras, during the Hindoo Dusserah festival.

Disasters in the UNITED STATES are always on an extensive scale, and the latest catastrophe is no exception. One of the finest steamers on the Mississippi, the *Corona*, was on her first trip after a thorough refitting, when her boilers suddenly exploded, just as she was about to answer a salute, and the vessel sank in an instant. Bodies and wreckage shot into the air and strewed the river, while at least forty persons were killed, although a passing steamer rescued many others in a terribly injured and frightened condition. The members of the Pan-American Congress are enjoying a forty days' tour through the chief industrial centres of the States before they settle down to work. They are travelling luxuriously at Government expense, and are most gorgeously entertained by the local authorities. Mr. Blaine has been elected President, much to the annoyance of some of the delegates.—Another important gathering is to be the International Marine Conference at Washington next week, where all European nations will be represented except Portugal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY a terrible storm has devastated the province of Cagliari, in Sardinia. Houses collapsed in all directions, burying their inhabitants, with much loss of life and property.—BELGIUM laments a fresh disaster at Antwerp. A saw mill in a very populous district caught fire, and the flames were so fierce that the firemen could not prevent many of the neighbouring houses from being destroyed. Bodies of the victims of the late explosion are still being discovered.—The success of the London dock strike has visibly influenced other countries. In HOLLAND the masters at Rotterdam have compromised with the strikers, conceding the required 5d. an hour and an advance of 50 per cent. on the Sunday wages, although they will only guarantee four hours' certain work instead of six. The men have resumed work. Now the Amsterdam dockers agitate for higher wages, while the German labourers at Flensburg in Schleswig-Holstein have struck.—RUSSIA is much annoyed at her national shortcomings being exposed by the Archbishop of Kherson, who took the opportunity of Odessa celebrating her century of Muscovite rule to utter some stinging home-truths. He pointed out that Odessa owes all her prosperity to the German and Jewish residents, who are frugal and industrious, while the Russians are lazy, irreligious, given to drink, and careless about the training of their children.—RUSSIA and JAPAN have just concluded their first Treaty of Commerce, which accords Russian merchandise considerable favour. Now Japan has entered into treaties with three great Powers—Russia, Germany, and the United States—has nearly concluded an agreement with Italy, and is still negotiating with Great Britain and France. Nevertheless many Japanese dislike the treaties, and, besides a monster opposition meeting at Tokio, the Cabinet themselves are said to be divided. The appointment of foreign judges is the chief stumbling-block.—EGYPT rejoices in temporary peace, a good Nile, and revived trade. Osman Digna has gone to see the Khalifa at Khartoum, so all is quiet round Suakin.—In CANADA, Quebec has been alarmed by a fresh fall of rock near the former landslip. It crushed a house, but no one was hurt.



THE Royal party in the Highlands now consists of the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry and their children, and Princess Frederica of Hanover. The Hereditary Grand Duke and Princess Alix of Hesse have left for Germany, whence Prince Louis of Battenberg has arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. Music and theatricals have enlivened the usual quiet life at Balmoral, for Madame Albani-Gye sang one morning to Her Majesty and the Princesses, while Princess Beatrice and some of the Royal Household played in some private theatricals before the Queen and numerous guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Fife, who had dined with the Royal party. The Duchess frequently comes over from Mar Lodge to lunch with Her Majesty, and Viscount Cross, as Minister-in-attendance, generally dines with the Queen in the evening. On Sunday morning Her Majesty, with the Princesses

and Prince Henry, attended Divine Service in the Castle, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and in the afternoon the Queen, with the Prince and Princesses, called on the ex-Empress Eugénie at Abergeldie. On Monday night the theatricals and tableaux were repeated before a fresh party of guests, and next day the Queen lunched at Mar Lodge with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, driving home in an open carriage despite the rain and cold. Next week Her Majesty holds a Council at Balmoral. Several improvements are being carried out at Windsor Castle during the Queen's absence, notably a new warming system for the Royal apartments.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have remained this week at Fredensborg with the Danish Royal Family. They have made daily excursions, the Prince and his sons spending one morning in a grand hunt, while next day the Prince and Princess with the Danish and Russian families went to Elsinore to meet the British Squadron, and lunched on board the Admiral's ship. The chief officers of the Squadron subsequently dined with the Royal circle at Fredensborg. Prince George of Wales accompanying them back to Copenhagen to a ball given by the Danish Officers' Naval Club in honour of the English and Russian visitors. On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales and family attended Divine Service in the English Church at Copenhagen, and afterwards lunched with the Czar and Czarina on board their yacht *Derjawa* before returning to Fredensborg. The Prince lunched with the British Minister on Tuesday, and joined in a Court hunt. To-day (Saturday) the family gathering disperses. The Czarina goes home to join the Czar, who left on Wednesday, while the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Danish King and Queen and the Czarewitch, leave for Athens to attend the Royal wedding. On quitting Athens the Prince proposes to accompany Prince Albert Victor to Egypt on his way to India, in order to spend three days at Cairo, and to review the British and Egyptian troops who were so successful in the late Dervish campaign. He will probably inspect some of the battlefields of 1882, such as Tel-el-Kebir. The Princess and daughters will not accompany the Prince, but return home, *via* Gmunden, to stay with the Duchess of Cumberland.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been in Berlin staying with the Empress Frederick. They called on the Emperor and Empress at Potsdam, and left on Sunday to visit the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at Ludwigslust, where they met the Duchess's brother and sister-in-law, the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir, on their way to Cannes.—Princess Louise has been staying with Mrs. Campbell, of Blythswood, at Innischonach, Loch Awe.—Princess Alix and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse spent a short time in town on their way home from Balmoral, and went to the Savoy Theatre. They left on Saturday for Darmstadt, *via* Dover and Ostend.—The King and Queen of Greece and family have reached home, and are superintending the arrangements for their son's wedding on the 29th inst. Nearly all Athens has been renovated, ancient monuments being cleaned, old streets pulled down, and the road to Marathon repaired for visitors to the battlefield. The museums and monuments will be illuminated every night; while an amateur dramatic club, of the best Hellenic families, will act *Æschylus's* play, *The Persians*. A large fleet of foreign vessels will assemble off Salamis during the festivities, including the finest German iron-lads, part of the British Mediterranean Squadron, several Russian men-of-war with the Czarewitch, a small Italian squadron with the Crown Prince on board, besides Danish, Austrian, and Turkish ships. The Greeks are discussing an old tradition, that the Mosque of Santa Sophia at Constantinople shall be restored to Christian worship by a Greek Emperor named Constantine, with his wife Sophia. As the bride and bridegroom elect bear the required names, superstitious people regard this coincidence as a lucky omen. Meanwhile Princess Sophie, who is still at Berlin, has been accompanying her mother and sisters to bid farewell to various charitable institutions, the whole party also attending a concert in aid of the Children's Holiday Homes. The Princess will take formal leave of her friends at a dinner with a Court reception and concert on Monday next, and will start for her new home on the following Saturday.—Prince Louis of Battenberg has been appointed commander of H.M.S. gunboat *Scout*.



LEEDS TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL (From Our Special Correspondent).—The most important musical event of the current week is the sixth Leeds Festival, which commenced at the Town Hall on Wednesday. It is, of course, now not practicable to give any account of the opening concerts, save to say that Berlioz's *First* was announced on Wednesday morning, while the evening was set apart for the third act of *Tannhäuser*, and the production of Mr. Frederic Corder's *Sword of Argantyr*. We last week gave a tolerably full account of the programme promised, together with a brief description of the novelties. Leeds ever has been famous for the national character of its Festival, and since Sterndale Bennett wrote for it his melodious cantata, the *May Queen*, novelties by Englishmen have always been a feature. The Festival of 1874, for example, saw the production of Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist*, and Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, the Festival of 1877 the production of Macfarren's *Joseph*, that of 1880 Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, and Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Building of the Ship*, 1883 Macfarren's *David*, and Cellier's *Gray's Elegy*, and Barnby's *Ninety-Seventh Psalm*, while in 1886 were produced Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Dr. Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, and Dr. Stanford's *Revenge*. The novelties announced for the present Festival are all by native musicians, and some of them are likely hereafter to be considered the quite equal in interest to their predecessors. Criticism of performances must of course be reserved until next week, although a special word of praise can even now hardly be withheld from the Leeds Choir, which has been so carefully selected, and has been in training specially for the Festival ever since last Easter. The orchestra, too, 117 strong, is one of the finest ever gathered together in this country, even for Festival purposes.

If we may judge from the full rehearsals, which lasted from 10 A.M. till nearly 11 P.M. on Monday, and the whole of Tuesday morning and afternoon, the favourite novelty will be Dr. Stanford's *Voyage of Maeldune*. The Cambridge professor may perhaps be accused of too great a reliance upon the "leading motive," but his music is enormously dramatic, and the Poet Laureate's lines give him abundant opportunity for those strong musical contrasts in which the composer of *The Revenge* delights. It will be recollected that Maeldune sails for his Irish home with a party of his adherents to kill the man who slew his father. He sees him on the isle in the ocean, but is blown out again to sea. Then he sails away, and touches at various isles, each time he resumes his voyage a "special" "voyage" theme becoming prominent, while the motif of "Revenge" is kept well to the fore. The "Isle of Shouting" is necessarily a strong contrast, while the shrieks of the "score of wild birds" are most realistically depicted. The "Revenge" motif reminds the party of the object of their journey, and the "Voyage" motif brings them to the Isle of Flowers, a beautiful number, in which the tenor voice and chorus give a charming delineation of "And We Rold Upon Capes of Crocus" and "We Wallowed in Beds of Lillies."

The barometer was highest (29.92 inches) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.75 inches) on Tuesday (6th inst.); range 0.67 inch.



OTTER HUNTING IN CUMBERLAND--THE OTTER CORNERED

AUTUMN LEAVES IN CANADA

AFTER leaving Toronto, the rail for Muskoka runs through a rich agricultural land, until it reaches the wild tract of bush country in the thick of which lies Muskoka Lake. Shortly after sighting this lake the cars run into a little station where, if bound on a pleasure-trip, the traveller will embark, either in a three-storied steamer, the appearance of which does not tempt one's confidence, or an able canoeist will do better to take with his luggage one of the birch-bark canoes, easily obtained in Canada, and, launching this, to work his way among the beautiful islands with which the lake is studded.

A fairy scene of land and water opens before one as the little craft speeds onward. Island after island is passed, and yet the scene through which one has travelled seems ever to renew itself, for it is the sameness of the lakes which gives to them their peculiar charm, working on the imagination until one can hardly believe that the little bark, in itself rather uncanny, has not transported one into a visionary world.

It is in the autumn days that the scenery of Muskoka is at its best, for the woods chiefly consist of the different kinds of maple. The smaller "soft" maple grows quite close to the water, finding sufficient space for its roots among the rocks which edge the shore. These cover themselves with golden foliage, some of which falls early, and strews the rocks with yellow leaves, and floats on the still waters of the lake, in which the glory of the parent trees is reflected as if in a mirror. Next, maybe, comes a deep purple bush, of slight, but very graceful make. There is something homelike in its form, yet it is not easily recognisable as the English oak, in Canada a comparatively small tree, the foliage of which becomes absolutely purple in the autumn.

Conspicuous above these are the giants of the forest, the "hard" maple-trees, which borrow all the colours of the Canadian sunset and don them in turn—one day clothing themselves with purple, which the next they have changed to a deep orange-red. Over this again they apparently lay a coat of half-transparent gold; then, to warn us that their wardrobe is nearly at an end, they take a more sombre attire, and a rich mixture of all the former colours, deeply tinged with bronze, is the last change they afford before shaking themselves free of their foliage.

If tempted to a woodland ramble, the traveller should explore one of the islands, he will find himself in a wood, of which the density is at first appalling, but it is a density of underbrush which seems on fire with colour.

Over a carpet of crimson-leaved bilberry a growth of bush stretches in waves of colour to a distant bit of rising ground, where the eye is caught by a crimson spot which, even amid such surroundings, is singular in its brilliancy, but which will prove to be nothing rarer than a young maple which, for no reason save the caprice of Dame Nature, has elected to outshine her kind in marvel of autumnal beauty.

Some of the most brilliant undergrowth is the poisonous ivy which grows in great masses about a foot high, its oval-shaped leaves coloured with bright yellow and red; but it is well scrupulously to avoid its touch, which would probably render one's life miserable for many a day. And the same plant takes another form, exactly imitating our "traveller's joy," its crimson leaves twining themselves insidiously around one's feet.

Towards sunset these woods become so dark as to delude the ramblers into the belief that night has already set in; but, once free of the overshadowing trees, one finds oneself in such an atmosphere of colour that it would seem as if the autumnal tints had melted into the glory which pervades the earth, sky, and water. As the sun sinks behind the western hills, dimness falls for awhile on the scene, leading one momentarily into the belief that light and colour have vanished in the fast approach of night; but presently a white light spreads in the west, and shoots its rays far through the sky; and, ere one is fully conscious of the beauty of this, which is the herald of great glory, it has changed to orange, and then to a wonderful variety of delicate tints, one swiftly succeeding the other, while the waters catch the changing lights, and give them back again, until the whole scene becomes a marvel of even Nature's power of beautiful effect. And, when the brilliant glow has vanished, once more a white light gleams, the last farewell of the sun; while on the hills and the lake falls a cloud of deepest, softest blue, which speedily thickens into the darkness of night. Then, if prepared to camp out, it is time to be off to the nearest spot convenient for a night's lodging; and, later in the evening, the sight of blazing log-fires on main and island tells the camper-out that he is not alone in his enterprise, and incites him, also, to light his beacon.

The few hotels which are built in this district for the accommodation of refugees from the heat of the Ontario cities are of the roughest description, and a cleverly-arranged encampment is a far more comfortable mode of existence during the lovely Canadian autumn. Your camp must, however, be within easy hail of the steamer, which monopolises the trade of Muskoka, and is wholly careless of its engagement to supply you with the necessities of life unless you present a very personal claim to its notice. Many weeks may be spent pleasantly enough on Muskoka Lake before passing on to Lakes Joseph and Rosseau, with which Muskoka is connected by the Indian River—a beautiful stream winding between forest banks, where the grateful shade of the pines tempts the traveller to linger.

All these lakes bear the same family likeness which is shared by the rivers flowing in and out of their waters. Of these the strongest type is the Shadow River, to the north of Lake Joseph. Almost blocked at the entry by a thick bed of water-lilies, it is no easy task to discover, even when one is close to its mouth, and, this entry passed, the trees which crowd its banks form such a low, dense arch over the stream, which is very narrow at first, that it is hard to win to where the water-way is clear, but the broader part attained, a lovely view opens before one—a view of riverside forest which is charmingly characteristic of the Canadian scenery. The banks are very low, almost level with the water, and covered with ferns of many kinds. It is well named the "Shadow River," for to distinguish between the reflection of the trees and their substance is almost impossible.

With Lake Joseph the Muskoka district ends. It is likely soon to become as well known to sportsmen as to holiday-seekers, for, in the marshes which abound on its shores is some of the best wild-fowl shooting in Canada. From a purely romantic point of view I would say long may it be ere the primitive beauty of the Muskoka Forests is destroyed by the woodman's axe, but, that such must be their fate, there is, I fear, little doubt, and, in the ordinary course of events, it cannot be long before this wild district is utilised, in one way or another, by the enterprising Ontarians. But of this future I would not willingly think. Rather would I dwell with delight on the memory of Muskoka, as I know it, in the days when it yet remains a beautiful land of Nature unspoiled by the hand of man.

L. V.

SOME FASHIONS IN POETRY

THERE are fashions in Poetry as in nearly everything else. The sacred flame of poetry is ever alight; it may burn more brightly at one period than at another, it may even at some points of our literary history appear to be on the verge of extinction, but the hour brings the man; the dying torch is re-kindled, and each generation, in its turn, inherits and bequeaths to its successor the pure light that

shines through every form of English verse. The light is ever there, whether faint or brilliant, but the medium through which it sheds its rays is always changing. Not only is there change in metrical forms and such minor matters, but, as time passes, change in kind takes place. Whole divisions of poetry, rich in honourable associations and memories, come under the ban of fashion, and are proscribed by the altered taste of poets and readers alike.

A modern poet, if he has once gained the ear of the public, may produce his annual volume—or two—with the greatest regularity, until his collected works may, in bulk, put the greatest Makers of the past to the blush; but, whatever varying forms these works may take, there is one, of noble history, always absent. The present-day poet never woos the Epic muse. No modern Elisha has laid claim to the mantle of the great Elijah of Puritan times. Sir Richard Blackmore, in the days of Queen Anne, wrote epics with as much ease and fluency as the wits of "Will's," whom he derided, wrote squibs and satires, but his ponderous tomes remain untouched on the dusty shelves of ancient libraries. No eager editor, even in these reprinting days, has ventured to drag them forth from their native obscurity. The only poem of modern times, with any pretensions to epic rank, is the series of the "Idylls of the King." But such rank cannot fairly be claimed for these beautiful and noble, if somewhat unequal, poems. No, the epic as a vehicle of exalted poetical expression is dead, as Pistol says of the King, "as nail in door." The poets write no epics, nor, if they did, would the people read them. Few, probably, but students of verse and the smaller band, poets themselves, who share the care of the sacred fire, ever attempt to read the epics of the past.

A hundred years ago, a young German pastor, Charles Moritz, walked through Midland England with a copy of "Paradise Lost" in his pocket. In the reading of this precious volume, and in the enjoyment of the country sights and sounds, he found ample compensation for the insolence of the innkeepers, who cordially despised a mere foot-traveller, and the other disagreeables of his journey. The pedestrian of to-day, if he carry poetry at all, is much more likely to slip into his pocket some small volume of selections than to burden himself with Milton's epic.

Another class of verse, which may be regarded as completely gone out of fashion, is what is known as Pastoral Poetry. A few poets, and a considerable number of poetasters, have from time to time essayed the oaten pipe of Theocritus. The resulting harmonies have been of divers kinds. Spenser boldly set his face against the custom which confined the pastoral poet to the wooings and plaints of an enamoured Daphnis or Menalcas, and the tender, if long-winded, replies of a Carmela or a coy Aliena. He introduced English names into his "Shepherd's Calendar," and, in the attempt to give a colouring of English rusticity to his verses, wrote in one or two places lines which are almost ludicrously grotesque. But his reed gave forth true melody, which met with immediate acknowledgment and recognition from critics whose ears were charmed against their will. The older fashion of pastoral, however, was not to be easily displaced, and, despite some echoes of Spenser's strain, and the sweet music of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," the "Shepherd's Calendar" long remained without a legitimate successor.

Many poets after Spenser thought it incumbent on them to sing of pastoral themes, but until Gay published his "Shepherd's Week," they nearly all modelled their lays upon the ancient and artificial fashion. Their landscapes are foreign, and their peasants have none of the characteristics of English rustics. Gay broke down this prejudice. He sang of the sayings and doings, the beliefs and customs, of genuine country people. But though the "Shepherd's Week" had a real and deserved success, its influence, like that of its great predecessor, did not last for long. With the exception of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," it has had no successor worth mentioning, either in the affected or natural style of pastoral. One or two of Burns's poems may, perhaps, claim a place in the bucolic school, and Clare's faintly melodious music should not be altogether forgotten, but genuine English pastoral poetry has now been practically dead for many years.

Present-day poets, especially those of the minor order, are much given to metrical experiment and innovation. It would, indeed, sometimes seem as if the words were coldly written for the sake of the borrowed or invented metre in which they appear—as if metrical form were the object rather than the means. Fashion smiles on villanelle and ballade, rondeau and ritornel, on triolet and chant royal. It is a trite saying that nothing is new, and this present fashion is in some degree not unlike that so popular with certain poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Nowadays the words are written to fit the metrical forms, then they were written, or rather shaped, to fit actual designs in verse. Triolet and ritornel were in the old days unknown to English versifiers, but poets gravely wrote in mathematical figures and strange designs of all kinds. George Wither wrote a "rhomboid." Puttenham compiled two pillars to the honour and glory of Queen Elizabeth, and George Herbert's muse soared on a literal pair of wings. Verses were written in the shape of bottles, eggs, and axes. No form was too grotesque; everything was pressed into the poetical service. There might even be had, as Dryden says:—

A pair of scissors and a comb in verse.

Another favourite amusement with poets of that time was the writing of "Echo" verses. The author of "Hudibras" maliciously talks of the wailings of Echo—

In small poets' splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer interrogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O wretched, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin?

and so forth. Some of these echo verses, however, show considerable dexterity and ingenuity in the management of the rhymes, and are occasionally not unmusical. True poets, with a love for quaintness, like George Herbert, wrote them. Swift, at a later time, penned a very coarse example; but then, as now, Echo verse, as a form of serious or sentimental poetry, was completely out of date.

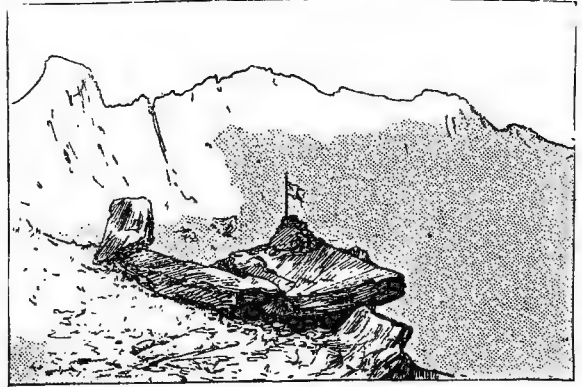
Another fashion in the poetry of two centuries ago, which has long been extinct, was the writing of commendatory verses to be prefixed to some brother poet's book. The brotherhood of song praised and puffed one another in those days to a shameless extent. Some old books are prefixed by many pages of these introductory speeches in verse, and he must have been a patient reader indeed who steadily worked his way through their panegyric lines before coming to the book itself. There was no critic on the hearth of those poets, and they "rolled the log" openly and liberally, without fear or thought of wrong. Nowadays the "commending" is done in reviews, with sly thrusts inserted to prevent the victim from taking his commendation too literally.

Some of these fashions were passing follies. They had their day, and are not likely to be revived; they were temporary excrescences on the ever-growing and budding tree of poetry. Other branches of the same tree, that once flourished in leafy vigour but now seem lifeless, are, it may be hoped, not really so. The sap is still in them—a future spring will set it free, and once more they will bud and blossom as of old. The mild melody of the pastoral flute may yet again gladden the ears of lovers of poetry, and master hands may once more awake the full and resonant music of the epic strain.

G. L. A.

THE "MURDER STONE"

SINCE the day, early in August, when the murdered body of Mr. Rose, of Balham, was found in Glen Sannox, Isle of Arran, thousands of persons have visited the spot. It is easily found, for just above it lies the "Murder Stone" which forms the subject of the accompanying engraving. This stone is a large flat boulder, lying at the head of the glen, on the right-hand side as one approaches from the village of Corrie, and about 1,750 feet above



the level of the sea. The darkened part in the foreground underneath the stone is the hollow into which the body was thrust, and up to the mouth of which stones of various sizes were rolled by the murderer. Behind the stone stands the cairn, built of rough stones, and about five feet high. A flagstaff has been improvised out of a piece of bamboo, and from it floats, at half-mast, the dirty white piece of cloth which does duty for a flag.

NEW NOVELS

MR. D. CHRISTIE MURRAY'S new novel, written in conjunction with Mr. Henry Herman, under the name of "Wild Davvie" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a distinctly better piece of work than those more recent ones which made us fear that he was falling away. "Wild Davvie" is a very vigorous romance indeed, and it is to some extent a new departure on the part of the author whose name stands first, inasmuch as it is absolutely free from any taint of the egotism which seemed to be becoming more and more the dominant note of Mr. Murray's style. It may be that he has found collaboration a wholesome process; at any rate it has proved a successful one. Its central situation has all the elements of true tragedy—that of a husband and wife who, with the deepest love for each other, are parted by their own strength of nature and capacities of passion beyond what could have resulted from all outward circumstances combined, and in such wise that the gulf appears insuperable. All this is admirably developed; and, though with some doubt and regret, we have come to the conclusion that the authors have brought their tragedy to a close in the only right, artistic, and natural, indeed, the one inevitable, way. Then there is real freshness about the treatment of frontier life in Kansas; it shows no trace of owing anything to the orthodox models, and is instinct with morality. The authors might do worse, we should say, than dramatise their novel. The strongly-coloured characters look, indeed, as if they had been more or less conceived from that point of view.

From heroes and heroines with such names as Claude Vavasour, Maude Brabazon, Effie Mordaunt, and Clarence Stanley, only one sort of thing can be looked for: and it is what one gets in "The Red Hill Mystery," by Kate Wood (1 vol.: Digby and Long). The story is supposed to be told by Maude Brabazon, who, masquerading for some unknown reason in the name of Susie Sherlock, a farmer's niece, discovers, through the most extraordinary coincidences, that a lost sister Madeline was murdered and thrown into a well by a wicked husband. Detection is chiefly due to the ghost of Madeline, which, with more common sense than ghosts usually exercise, at last points to the well in which its corpse is found. The wicked husband cheats the gallows by dying of heart disease, and that is about all. Maude is very persistent in telling her readers how lovely she is, and the following passage is worth volumes of criticism:—"Clarence! and a crimson flush dyed my cheek, a happy light stole once more in my eyes, the gladdest smile parted my lips, as with a low, faint cry, I stretched out my hands, and sank into the loving, protecting arms which gladly enfolded me." Is she supposed to have been watching herself in the looking-glass all the while?

May Kendall's "Such is Life" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.) belongs, without any difficulty, to a much better class of novel; but, with many good qualities and some promise, it is not wholly satisfactory—partly perhaps because, though its subject is entirely English, it seems to be the result of saturation with a sort of American domestic fiction which does not bear transplanting. At all events, that is the impression it leaves, whether rightly or wrongly. The little cripple, Elzie Everard, might have stepped straight out of an American story, and is scarcely possible out of one; and the thoughts and talks of the seven or eight cousins and ex-schoolfellows, who keep together all their lives, have a curiously un-English flavour. Then their tragedies are unnecessary, which is the worst fault against Art that can possibly be committed. Still the fact remains that the characters are interesting, and some amusing, such as the lady with "a weakness for neuralgia, as being a high-class nervous ailment derived from the Greek," and the novel as a whole may be read with a reasonable amount of pleasure.

It is strange that any novelist should not, as a matter of course, realise the unfitness of the autobiographic form under certain conditions; such as when a girl is supposed to be taking the whole world into her confidence concerning the villainies of her own father, and the love-passages between herself and her husband before marriage—in short, in the case of such a plot as Marshall Saunders has chosen for "My Spanish Sailor" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey). The heroine is pretty sure to come out odious, and so she does; and though that model of hen-peckedness, Captain Focus, gets at last what he wants, one is never able to understand how any man of mature age could want to be tied for life to such an exasperatingly self-engrossed young woman as Nan. The best thing about her is her good solid appetite, which is at any rate healthy. However, the story is not long, and is at any rate worth the attention of anybody who wants to know how exceedingly disagreeable a young woman can make herself look in print, if she tries. As the study of the character of a goose it might not have been amiss had it been given in the third person.

Rudolph Baumbach's "Summer Legends" are exceedingly charming little tales; and they have been translated with exceptional adequacy by Helen B. Dole (1 vol.: Walter Scott). Ostensibly for children, they—as often happens—are most likely to be fully appreciated by older readers; but reason of their almost excessive delicacy of workmanship and the extremely subtle thread of satire running through most of them. As pages from the Book of Wonderland, they are among the best examples of modern German legend; indeed, some would pass without suspicion among the very best of the old ones.

HOLLAND HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STATESMAN Charles James Fox, the eloquent "man of the people," was the most distinguished of the race whose history is associated with Holland House. His early years were spent there, and the house, gardens, groves, and grounds, endeared to his mind by recollections of childhood, were by him regarded with affection to the last. The first Lord Holland, by his judicious indulgence, may be said to have done his best to ruin that fine nature, which the partiality of all the friends and admirers of Charles Fox could not spoil, though his enthusiastic admirers certainly tried hard to do so. The training undergone by Charles Fox may account for a certain impetuosity he manifested in his earlier career. We are told that his father denied him nothing; and several anecdotes illustrate this theory. During some alterations at Holland House an ancient wall was required, in the course of demolition, to be blown up with gunpowder. Lord Holland had promised his son that he should be present; by some accident he missed the sight, and his father is reported to have had the wall rebuilt in order to gratify this boyish curiosity. On another occasion it is said the wilful Charles wished to break a watch. "Well," said the father, "if you must, I suppose you must!"

It is related that when Lord Holland, at that time Secretary of State, had prepared certain important official papers, which were waiting to be sealed, young Charles went into his father's study, began to read and criticise the documents, and, in the course of argument, actually burnt a despatch which was not to his taste. The father, without reprimanding this precocious statesman, calmly got ready another despatch. Charles Fox's mind was most comprehensive, and though his studies, always desultory, were further disturbed by trips to the Continent, the quickness of his parts was such, that what would have unsettled average youths only enlarged his intellect. The Rev. Philip Francis assisted him in his studies; in his ninth year he was sent to Eton, a place which he ever regarded with affection. The first Lord Holland had, in his youth, dissipated his fortune in extravagance abroad; and, at the age of thirty, already ruined in pocket, had returned to England, to seek in political life the means of repairing his prospects. Undeterred by his own experiences, Lord Holland imprudently introduced his son to those scenes of dissipation which had proved so disastrous to his own early career. Before Charles Fox was fourteen, he accompanied his father to Paris and Spa, then the worst schools to which a youth could be taken; the initiation had deplorable consequences, as, during this trip to these centres of play, he acquired that passion for gambling which ultimately cost him his patrimony, and in a serious degree compromised his political advancement.

After his return from the Continent Charles Fox spent another year at Eton, and in 1764, was entered at Hertford College, Oxford; in spite of lavish indulgence in youthful follies, his devotion there to classical literature contributed to form the future brilliant orator. After a short University career, he again went abroad for two years; during this time Charles spent with his father a winter at Naples, a city which has ever attracted the Holland family. While Charles James Fox was still enjoying continental life, he was, by the influence of Lord Holland, who wished his son to occupy a high position in the country, returned for Parliament. This was in 1768, when the future statesman was still under age. In 1770 he became a Junior Lord of the Admiralty in Lord North's Administration; he resigned in 1772. Within a year he returned to office as one of the Lords of the Treasury; in 1774, owing to political differences with Lord North, Fox was dismissed from the Ministry. In Opposition his oratory became conspicuous on the great question of American taxation; he eloquently deprecated the American War, which these ill-advised measures had produced, and signalled himself for all time as the great champion of popular



Henry Richard Fox, 3rd Lord Holland. Dr. John Allen. Lady E. Vassall. Librarian, 3rd Lady Holland. Edgar Dogget. "THE FAMILY PICTURE"—OTHERWISE THE LIBRARY OF HOLLAND HOUSE. Painted by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

freedom. The political career of C. F. Fox is a matter of history, and, through the brilliancy of his unrivalled powers, sheds lustre upon the traditions of his early home. His chief connection with Holland House was due to his being the favourite son of the first Baron Holland and the uncle of Henry Richard, the third Lord Holland, to whom he became political parent, and who ever regarded the great Whig Chief with almost filial affection and an admiration approaching idolatry.

Fox cherished a touching devotion for his early haunts; Burke remarked of this attachment, "Yes, he is like a cat—he is fond of the house though the family be gone." Shortly before his death Fox went to Holland House, every part of which was familiar to his recollection, and walked for the last time over the grounds, tenderly regarding each spot he remembered in his youth, more particularly dwelling upon those improvements which had been effected by his mother's taste—"as if he wished to carry through the gates of death the impressions engraved on his soul during childhood."

Noteworthy amongst those incidents associated with the illustrious Whig Chief was that famous Westminster Election of 1784, the foremost contest in the annals of Parliamentary electioneering; the memory of this historical struggle is inseparable from the annals of Holland House, and the obligations Fox owed to the assistance of the fairest of canvassers, the winsome Duchess of Devonshire, are recalled and perpetuated by the sight of the beautiful portrait there treasured of the celebrated Georgiana Spencer, one of the gems of the Miniature Room of Holland House. The successful return of Fox, and the consequent discomfiture of the Ministerial influence, exerted to the extent of overstraining the Royal prerogative to defeat him in this memorable contest, were largely due to the irresistible charm of his all-conquering ally.

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part.
But, oh! where'er the pilferer comes—beware!
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart!

A word upon Fox's oratory and that persuasive eloquence and gentle wit which were listened to with delight within the walls of Holland House. In his "Statesmen of the Time of George III.," Lord Brougham writes, "It has been said of Fox, we believe by Mr. Frere, that he was the wittiest speaker of his times, and they were the times of Sheridan and of Wyndham. This was Mr. Canning's opinion, and it was also Mr. Pitt's."

Lord Brougham, who should be an authority on debate, argued it is ridiculous to doubt that Fox was a closer reasoner and a greater master of argumentative power than Demosthenes, though the latter might have surpassed Fox, "had he lived in our times and had to address an English House of Commons."

The eloquent Lord Erskine has recorded, "In the most imperfect relics of Fox's speeches, the bones of a giant are to be discovered."

Edmund Burke, quoted by Lord Russell in his "Life and Times of C. J. Fox," pronounced the Whig Chief "the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw. . . . The eloquence and fire of his expressions were enhanced by his fine pronunciation of English, which language he used in all its beauty and richness, without borrowing from any other."

By all who mark'd his mind, rever'd,
By all who knew his heart, below'd!
A Patriot's even course he steer'd
Midst Faction's wildest storms unmov'd.

The third Lord Holland was, perhaps, the most memorable of his name, from the influence his talents, position, and the opportunities of his time enabled him to exert over political, literary, and social circles. Henry Richard, Baron Holland, was born at Winterslow House, Wilts, November 21st, 1773. His infancy was not unclouded. He narrowly escaped being burnt with the house a few months after his birth; he had the misfortune to lose his father, Stephen, the second Lord Holland, who died when his heir was only thirteen months old. This loss was compensated by the care the illustrious Charles James Fox bestowed upon the education of his nephew; while his maternal uncle, the Earl of Upper Ossory, was to the third Lord Holland "a father during his lifetime," and at his death, in 1818, he left his nephew the estates in

Buckingham, including Amptill Park where, as well as at Holland House, Lord Holland used to dispense his genial hospitality. Although he laboured under the disadvantage of missing the experience to be derived from a seat in the House of Commons, the ill effects were counteracted by his political education. "Trained by Fox, he turned the faults of his predecessors into so many warnings to himself, and rose to great distinction. Like Fox, he had an especial quickness of perception for the unsound part of his adversary's argument; and, like Fox, his chief excellence lay in reply rather than in statement. With the rapidity of lightning he struck weak points, he became entangled in the very abundance of his ideas, and sometimes passed perforce over the choice of his expressions. He was a born debater, and had a love for discussion as Thomas Diafoirus had a love for dissection."

"Lord Holland's political career is an open book, the pages of which we can always turn over without ever finding a blot. During forty years, sincere and consistent with himself as with others, he was the constant protector of the oppressed, and the indefatigable champion of true liberty, whilst neither prejudice nor interest could ever make him deviate from integrity's straight path; and even those who politically disagree with him must admire his consistency."

The main features of his political career were his steadfast, and almost solitary, championship of Napoleon, especially when Buonaparte was sent into exile; and his earnest, persevering advocacy of parliamentary reform. Lord Holland was Privy Seal in the Administration of "All the Talents," where he was associated with Charles Fox and Lord Grenville; he three times held the lucrative post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, once under the Ministry of his friend Lord Grey, and twice under Lord Melbourne.

Literature was with Lord Holland a life-long pursuit and distraction, and it was he who formed the library and collected the manuscript treasures which are the scholastic pride of the mansion. Fond of the Continent, like the rest of his race, Lord Holland, after enjoying and profiting by his travels, returned to England in 1796, and devoted his energies to render Holland House what, under his auspices, it shortly became. He restored the family mansion in a double sense—"he restored it practically, under Mr. Saunders, fitting it up at great expense for his own habitation; and he restored it intellectually by bringing together those wits and geniuses who invested it with greater brilliancy than it had enjoyed even in the days of Addison. The circle of Holland House was a cosmopolitan one, and was among houses—what England is among nations—a common ground where all opinions could freely breathe." We are assured that from 1799 till 1840 there was hardly



SEAL OF C. J. FOX



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE (THE MINIATURE ROOM)
(The Canvassing Duchess, of the Great Westminster Election)



DUTCH GARDEN

Bust of Napoleon

in England a distinguished man in politics, science, or literature, who had not been a guest at Holland House. In fact, beginning the list with Fox and "Monk" Lewis, and ending it with Lords Melbourne, Houghton, and John Russell, "we shall have the goodly company all in a net."

Dealing with the more intimate and privileged home circle, the concentrated essence of the renowned *salon*, we there find Rogers, the banker, poet, and wit, raconteur and connoisseur, who has been called Lady Holland's "chamberlain," since the duties of introduction were largely confided to his tact; furnishing the table with his best, his "exquisite taste, quiet fun, and extensive information, made intercourse with him so pleasant; while his sense of integrity, his kind heart, and good character, made friendship with him so safe." Sydney Smith, with his inexhaustible wit, his ever-ready jokes, and boundless flow of pleasantry, was by the superior originality of his parts more conspicuous than even Rogers, the recognised "groom of the chambers." A host in himself, to Sydney Smith was due the introduction of Dr. John Allen, a learned, powerful, and luminous writer, and in every respect, both socially and intellectually, an invaluable acquisition to the Hollands and the circle "Allen contrived to keep in health and spirits by his science and good humour." The Doctor, who had accompanied the Hollands abroad, settled in Holland House, lived there, loved and respected, for nearly forty years, survived his patient some three years, and died regretted by all the family. Luttrell, "the last of the conversationalists," whose epigrammatic retorts and *bon mots*, united with his refined taste and attractive manners, rendered him one of the most sought-after companions in the society of his day, was another "intimate" of Holland House. There Lord Brougham and his earlier associate, Horner, "the first man," Lord Campbell avers, "who ever made the doctrines of political economy intelligible to the House of Commons," combined to shed the brilliancy of their intellectual gifts over the circle; Macaulay was another of the familiar spirits, who, to the dismay of his hosts, playfully alluded to the dire possibility of Holland House disappearing beneath railways and squares—a deplorable eventuality which, it is to be hoped, is yet as distant from being realised as the same gifted historian's fanciful figure, in his review on Ranke, "of the New Zealander taking his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." Macaulay has painted a brilliant picture of the society at Holland House. There, too, came Tom Moore for relaxation, and often for counsel; his diary preserves animated pictures of the company and conversation there. Lord John Russell was another favourite; and Talleyrand, within those pleasant gatherings, uttered, with nasal twang, many of the cynical witticisms for which that arch diplomatist was celebrated. Earl Grey, the steadfast political ally of the owner of Holland House, was frequently a welcome guest within its walls; here, too, sojourned Canova, the gifted sculptor, whose fine expressive Italian face is pictured on the walls of an apartment there. Sir James Mackintosh, "one of the few great talkers worth listening to," must always be associated with the family mansion; he it was who edited the Holland House MSS.; he contemplated and collected materials for a history of the place, its owners, and traditions; and, from his manuscript account, the Princess Marie Liechtenstein has drawn much interesting information which considerably adds to the charm of her valuable work upon "Holland House."

"The old roof," wrote Rogers, to its noble owner, that "has sheltered so many foreign statesmen, from Sully to Calonne; so many foreign artists, from Vandyke to Canova. The English worthies would soon exhaust so feeble a pen as mine."

Thither, in the days of Charles James Fox, came the colleagues of the great Whig Chief, and it was at that halcyon period that the fascinating Georgiana Spencer, by her sweet smiles and animating presence, delighted the circle of which she was the most brilliant ornament. There, too, was welcomed Lady Elizabeth Forster, her



SAMUEL ROGERS (THE DINING ROOM)
Painted by John Heppner, R.A.

successor, the second wife of the Duke of Devonshire. Miniatures of these famous beauties, with that of Lady Bessborough, were presented by the fair originals—whose faces "could not but secure an artist's willing labours"—to the Holland House Collection. Thither came Sheridan, orator and wit, the life-long colleague of the Whig Chief—"the genius whose faults have been described as almost of a poetical character—the excesses of generous virtues;" while Sir Philip Francis, "whose supposed authorship of 'Junius' places him in historical interest on a level with the wearer of the Iron Mask," has been already mentioned as a privileged visitor there.

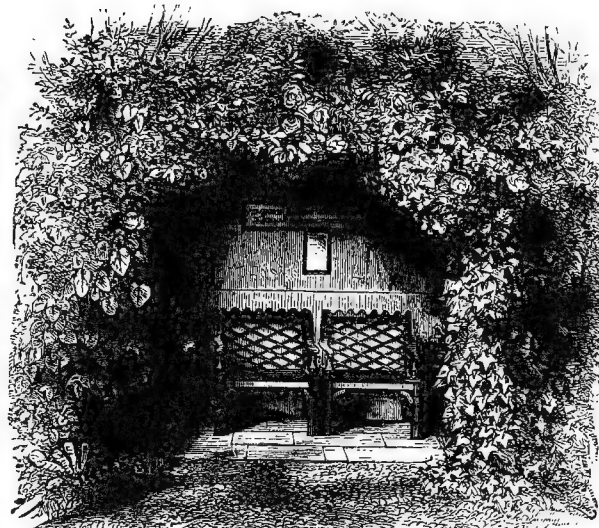
Hare, Fox's friend, who earned the *sobriquet* of "the silent Hare," and Fitzpatrick, whose Parliamentary career was marked by a no less judicious reticence from speech-making—another ardent admirer of the Whig Chief—with Lord Ossory, must be described as "part of the family." Grattan, the distinguished Irish statesman, a memorable figure in the history of his country, who was so partial to walking with Sam Rogers that Mrs. Grattan remarked in a pique, "You will be mistaken for his shadow!" Curran, "the embodiment of Irish wit and humour;" Windham, "the great orator and statesman, and friend of Burke;" Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Lord Minto; the Duke of Clarence; Henry and Thomas Erskine; Sir

Thomas Maitland, who, from his despotic tendencies, was nick-named "King Tom;" and his relative, Lord Lauderdale, christened during the continuance of the Red Republican fever "Citizen Maitland," who subsequently became a no less "red-hot Tory;" the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, whose most popular claim to literary renown must rest upon his reputed joint-authorship, with George Canning, of "The Needy Knife-Grinder;" the "inflexible" Lord Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, another adherent of "the party," whose fluent speaking was by Curran designated "airing his vocabulary;" Whitbread, the politician and steadfast supporter of C. J. Fox; Lord Macartney, who had charge of the much-satirised Embassy to China, and who, *apropos* of that mission, produced a well known work; Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, who was opposed to Wilberforce; Dr. Parr, that "revolution sinner," as his adversaries stigmatised him, a warm admirer of Charles Fox, whose "Character" he published, a staunch and wittily trenchant ally of "the Whig party;" and Lord Grenville, Fox's Ministerial colleague. These were but a few of the visitors who, in the latter days of the great Whig Chief, and in the earlier career of his beloved nephew, the third Baron, made Holland House a rendezvous for the most attractive of the political and personal friends of the family. Lady Elizabeth Vassall, the third Baroness, who with so much energy and resolution presided over the friendly cosmopolitan circle which was distinctively designated "the Lady Holland's Salon," furnished to Sir James Mackintosh, for his projected memorials of Holland House, a list of the illustrious guests who frequented the notable gatherings held under her more famous *regime*. It will be observed that this "Visitors' List" includes very various personalities; many of the names have shed lustre upon the mansion to which their owners were hospitably welcomed. A few of these must be recapitulated—the Spanish renegade priest,

Blanco White, otherwise "Don Leucado Doblado;" Lord Byron, who began by attacking Lord Holland and his friends, and later recanted this juvenile error, and dedicated to Lord Holland "The Bride of Abydos;" George Ellis, who, from editing the notorious *Anti-Jacobin*, threw in his alliance with the party he had attacked; Wollaston, the scientific physician; Craufurd, who, on his return from India, devoted his talents to literature; Lord Aberdeen, "the travell'd Thane, Athenian Aberdeen;" Sir Walter Scott, "The Wizard of the North;" "Monk" Lewis, the author of thrilling "Mysteries," who was for awhile the fashionable romancer of his day; Payne Knight, scholar and antiquary, whose books are famous, and whose splendid collections of antique Art have enriched the National Museum; Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, one of the most valued friends of the Holland family; Lord Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*; four great Lord Chancellors—Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, and Lyndhurst; Henry Petty, third Lord Lansdowne, of whom Byron wrote not too courteously:—

Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack!

In science there are the names of Sir Humphrey Davy, Count Rumford, the brothers William and Alexander Humboldt; in the drama, Bannister and Kemble. The Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Egremont, Lord Palmerston, and many Peers; Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir William Grant, Sir John Leach, Sir Arthur Pigott, amongst legists. Sir John Newport, Whishaw, Monroe—later on President of the United States, Washington Irving, Jeremy Bentham, Southey, Hallam, Sir David Wilkie, Mrs. Grote, Labouchere, Hobus Smith, and others. Amongst a long list of distinguished foreigners Lord and Lady Holland were in the habit of entertaining and enjoyed the friendship of—Lally Tollendal, Francis d'Ivernois and Pictet, both gifted Genevese; Ingenhouz, the Dutch physicist "financier" Calonne, Dumont, the friend of Mirabeau; Dupin, Madame de Staël, Palmella, Count Molé, Pozzo di Borgo, Ugo Foscolo, Panizzi, Count de Creptowitch, Napoleon's devoted followers, Montholon, Bertrand, and O'Meara, the Duc d'Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe), the Duc de Montpensier, the Duchesse de Guiche and her brother Prince Jules de Polignac, the Marquis de Rivière, Prince and Princess Lieven, Prince Bariutinsky, Metternich, and Marie Amélie, Queen of the French. This list only offers a mere glimpse of the celebrities who were welcomed under the roof of Holland House. Mention must be made in



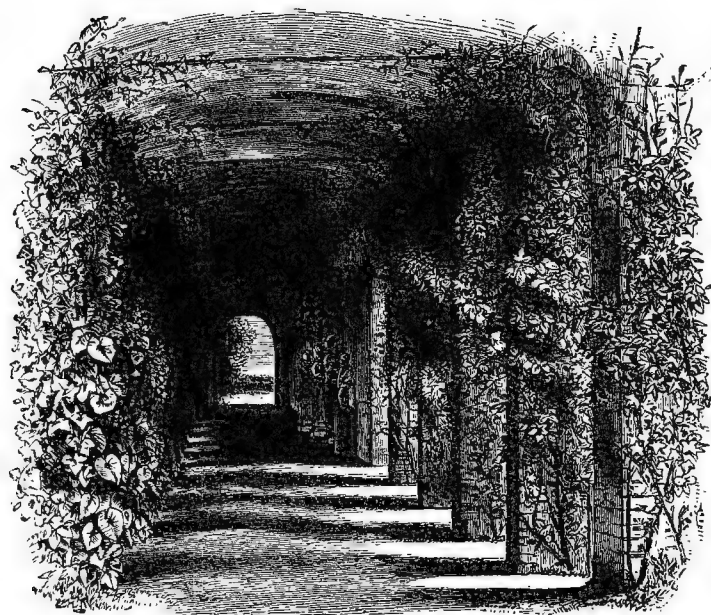
ROGERS' SEAT IN DUTCH GARDEN



EARL GREY (THE JOURNAL ROOM)
Painted by Thomas Phillips, R.A.



FONT BY THE GRAND STAIRCASE—INNER HALL



ARCADE LEADING FROM BALL ROOM

this place of Lord Holland's sister, Miss Fox, the dear "Aunt" of that family circle. The historian of Holland House recorded, "True to her angelic mission she brought gladness and shed peace; while not unmindful of human duties, she shared her friends' joys and wept at their sorrows. Her understanding was a safe guide for the perplexed; with fine perception, she would enter into a friend's difficulty, make it her own, and lighten it. Simplicity and purity of heart was hers; her very contact imparted goodness—her presence, sunshine."

Like her, in goodness and kindness, was her brother, the master of Holland House. "Devoted to Literature and Art, he welcomed authors and artists with cordial affability. Well versed in the politics of Europe, he entertained statesmen and diplomatists of all nations with cosmopolitan fairness. Himself a wit and humourist, he greeted with fellow-feeling the most brilliant men of the day. But while he enjoyed and preferred the society of choice spirits, while with him absence could not extinguish friendship, his benevolence and courtesy made him extend a kind reception to all who came to Holland House."

"His genial, yet thoughtful face, uniting good humour with intellect, bore upon it a pleasant though not monotonous smile; from beneath his ample forehead and massive brow, a clear eye shone forth in testimony to mental power; while from out his kindly mouth came words which reassured the most timid, without disturbing the dignity of the most formal."

The Lady of the Salon wielded her sceptre in her own original fashion. "Beautiful, clever, and well-informed, she exercised a natural authority over those around her." It must have been curious to see her order about the clever men of the day, who were accustomed to being courted by others. In the midst of some of Macaulay's interesting anecdotes she would tap on the table with her fan, and say, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this, give us something else." Her frankness was sometimes startlingly unconventional. To Tom Moore she remarked, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear." In Moore's Diary, on another occasion, June 28th, 1821, it is recorded, "Lord H. praised 'Lalla Rookh' very warmly, and my lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was on that region." Possibly the Lady Holland held poetry somewhat cheaply; she certainly did not encourage amateur bards; to Lord Porchester she observed—"I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

Lady Holland was a courageous friend of Napoleon, and the protest on the subject of Napoleon's detention in exile, entered by her noble-minded husband, on the "Journals of the House of Lords," would alone mark his fine manly sense of magnanimity—"To consign to distant exile and imprisonment a foreign and captive chief, who, after the abdication of his authority, relying on British generosity, had surrendered himself to us in preference to his other enemies, is unworthy of the magnanimity of a great country; and the treaties by which, after his captivity, we bound ourselves to detain him in custody at the will of Sovereigns to whom he had never surrendered himself, appear to me repugnant to the principles of equity, and utterly uncalled for by expedience or necessity.—VASSALL HOLLAND."

The lady-paramount of the house, who "must have added a quaint and original element to the intellectual battery in Holland House," was notorious for her imperious ways; her grandfather was Florentius Vassall, his heiress was given to disregard the sensibilities of her guests. Said one victim—"She treats her visitors like her vassals, though she was only a Vassall herself." "The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests," said another sufferer to her ladyship's arbitrary exactions. "It is to one, 'Go,' and he goeth, and to another, 'Do this,' and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Macaulay.' 'Lay down the screen, Lord Russell, you will spoil it.' 'Allen, take a candle, and show Mr. Cradock the pictures of Buonaparte.'"

"Lord Holland was all kindness, simplicity, vivacity," the account of the dinners and evenings, the breakfasts and mornings at Holland House, as recorded in "Moore's Journal," are delightful reading. Lord John Russell writes of his friend and entertainer—"The love of agreeable society, which somewhat blunted the weapons of parliamentary warfare, added to the grace and liveliness of his conversation. The extreme cheerfulness of his disposition—his kindness to all around him—his toleration for all opinions—his keen sense of the ridiculous—his anecdotes of political debates, enlivened by his admirable mimicry of the chief speakers, made him the pleasantest

host who ever presided over a hospitable feast. Lord Holland took care to collect around him nearly every man of eminence in the political, literary, scientific, and social world; each received a genial welcome, and shared in a refined and friendly intercourse, no less remarkable for its absence of formality or exclusiveness, than for its wit and intelligence. Such was Lord Holland in the position where he was most admired, and could be best appreciated." A great genius, who owed to the Hollands some rays of patronage which shed more brilliancy upon the givers than on the receiver—Ugo Foscolo—was obviously shocked or wounded by Lady Holland's rudeness, and could not avoid regarding with aversion the imperious mistress of that *salon*. He averred emphatically, "Though he would go anywhere—even to the realms of Hades—with his host, he should be sorry to go Heaven with her ladyship." Granville Penn forfeited, by a perilous witticism, his *entree* to the *réunions* over which Lady Holland presided. A friend remarked to him, "Holland House is really a most pleasant place, and in Lord Holland's company you might imagine yourself inside the home of Socrates." "It certainly always appeared so to me, for I often seemed to hear Xantippe talking loudly in the adjoining room!" was Penn's reply.

Tom Raikes has set down in his "Diary" this view of the Hollands:—"When I went to Eton, Lord Holland was the head of the school, and was the first *præceptor* that gave me my liberty. He was a mild, amiable man, ruled by his wife. She was a Miss Vassall, with a large fortune, who eloped



STEPS LEADING TO UPPER TERRACE

with him from her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster; she is a great politician, and affects the *esprit fort*. They kept a hospitable house, and received all the wits of the day." On this point Sydney Smith declared he had heard "five hundred travelled people assert there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House."

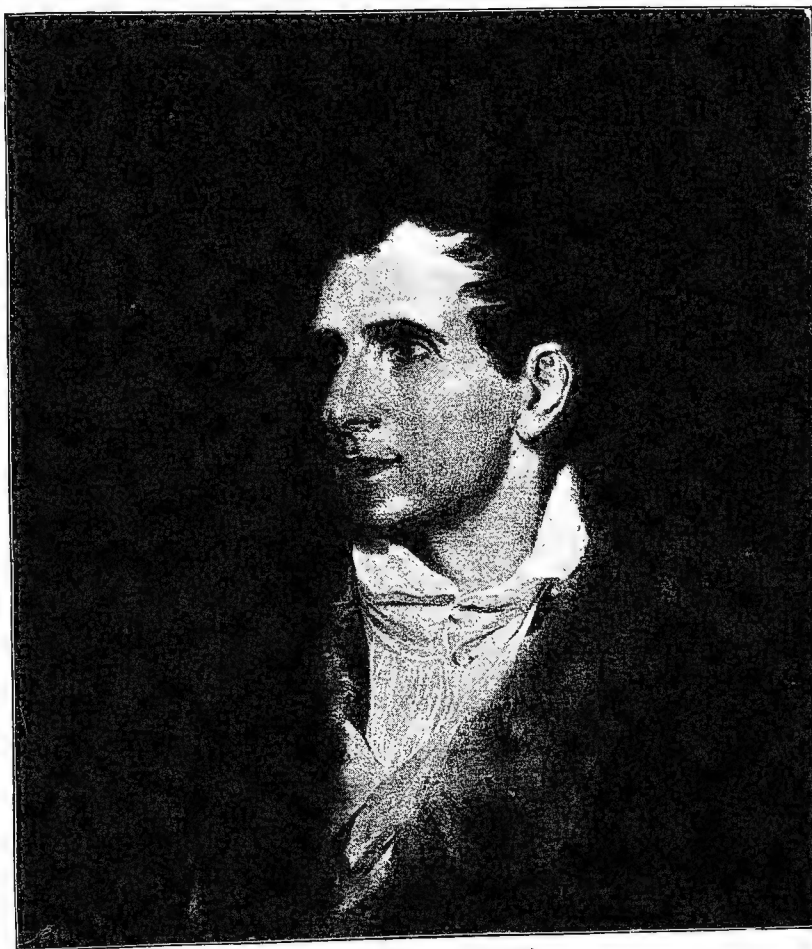
Peter Cunningham has related that "Lord Holland called on Lord Lansdowne a little before his death, and showed him an epitaph of his own composing, 'Here lies Henry Vassall Fox, Lord Holland, &c., who was drowned while sitting in his elbow-chair. He died in this house, in his elbow-chair, of water in the chest.' The authoress of 'Holland House' contradicts Cunningham on the latter point, and asserts that the third Holland died on his bed in the Blue Room, also used as a bed-chamber by the last Lord Holland."

Henry Vassall, Lord Holland, was in Lord Melbourne's Administration. It is said his unexpected death proved a blow which this Ministry never recovered. How exceptional were the qualities which led Macaulay to assert that Holland House could "boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England!"

"The Holland House Estate," as valued 1332, in Edward III.'s reign, was evidently on an extensive scale, "360 acres of arable land, 4½ acres of meadow, 20 acres of several pasture, 140 acres of wood." Portions of the lands were gradually alienated; in the fourth Lord Holland's time there remained about 80 acres, and these have been from time to time reduced; on both the north and south sides, the Uxbridge and Melbury Roads have encroached on the original grounds; enough remains to render the estate unique for its extent in the midst of a fashionable quarter of the metropolis. Holland House itself, as has been described, was—as regards the main building, the centre, and turrets—finished by the architect John Thorpe, in 1607, the subsequent additions—the wings and arcades were added by Inigo Jones and Stone and the terraces and latter on by other architects. The internal decorations, such as those remaining in the "Gilt Room," were entrusted to Francis Cleyn, who also painted the ceilings, and furnished designs for some of the antique furniture.

Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," mentions, "There is still extant at Holland House a beautiful chamber adorned by Cleyn, with a ceiling in grotesque, and small compartments on the chimneys in the style, and not unworthy of, Parmegiano."

The view of Holland House from the south side is that which first strikes the eye of the visitor; the appearance of the outlying surroundings of this frontage has been entirely altered by the late Lord Holland, who built the terraces. The entrance gates formerly



CANOVA (THE MAP ROOM)



BREAKFAST ROOM

stood in the centre of the south front, and it was at this point that carriages arrived. The present entrance faces east, and Inigo Jones piers, built by Stone in 1629, have been removed to that locality, and now form an entrance to the pleasure grounds on the north side of the mansion, where is a fine lawn, on which cedar trees are planted. Very quaint and picturesque are the Dutch (or Portuguese) Gardens; leading from these is a square edifice, copied from the Italian *loggia*, which is known as the Ball, or "Refreshment Room;" this building is connected with the arcades and terraces, which, in their turn, lead round to the house. By the Dutch Garden is a summer-house dedicated to the souvenirs of Rogers, and still known as "Rogers' Seat;" a poetic inscription signed "Vassall Holland, 1818," reminds the stranger:—

Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me, those "Pleasures" that he sings so well.

Opposite to "the Poet's Haunt" is a bronze bust of the Great Napoleon, reputed a work by Canova, or, at least, by one of his pupils. At the end of a path—by the alley called "Louis Philippe," in memory of the King of the French—stands the cast of Westmacott's classic statue of Charles James Fox, a present from the sculptor of the original well-known bronze memorial in Bloomsbury Square; beneath the statue is a Latin inscription to this effect, "Charles James Fox, whom all nations unite in esteeming to have been the chief man of the people." The Entrance Hall stands near the site formerly occupied by the domestic chapel of the mansion. The Inner Hall leads to a landing on the right, whence rises the Great Staircase, an ambitious structure. From the landing a door on the left leads to the so-called "Breakfast Room," which stands on the ground on which was the old Entrance Hall; this apartment, situated in the centre of the main edifice, on its south front, communicates by an oriel porch with the two South Terraces, while on the north side an arched alcove gives entrance into the Journal Room. On the west of "The Breakfast Room" is "The China Room," which leads to the successive apartments on the ground-floor of the west wing, the Map Room, West Room, Picture Room, and Library. "Allen's Room" communicates with the Journal Room on the west, and traversing that apartment "The White Parlour" is reached, a recess in the east end of this chamber, now indicated by an ornamental arch, was originally a large bay communicating with the chapel, which formerly stood beyond. In this recess the family were able to join in the services of their Church apart from the congregation gathered within the chapel; the chapel itself was destroyed by fire in the eighteenth century though vestiges of its elevation are still traceable on the external wall of this portion of the building. The ceilings of the Inner Hall are painted by Watts; by the carved balustrade of the staircase stands an old sedan-chair, and at the foot of the stairs is an ancient bronze font for holy water, supported



THE GREEN LANE

of rare Dresden china, including a dinner-service from the "Stowe Sale," are found in a neighbouring cabinet, described as "The China Scullery." The series of West Rooms, all of which rejoice in an antique appearance, are due to the taste of the last Lord Holland, who, from housekeeper's rooms and offices, converted these chambers into what they now are; the "Map Room" is rich in portraits, especially those by G. F. Watts, R.A. It also teems with books, and takes its name from the fact that nearly all the maps and charts in the place are arranged there. The Picture Room, on the same suite, also affords with picturesque out-of-door views, and is likewise rich in pictures by Watts; it contains, amongst other works by various artists, two portraits by C. R. Leslie, R.A., of the third Lord Holland, and his daughter, afterwards Lady Lilford. The Print Room, belonging to the West Suite, has within it a staircase leading to the "Long Library" on the superior floor; the walls are well furnished with portraits and books; in the latter category, as its name conveys, are numerous volumes containing prints—with a collection of engravings which include examples of the early Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish, French, Spanish, and English schools.

The fourth, or West Room, gives on to the terrace, on which it is built, and has, naturally, plenty of windows commanding fine prospects of the grounds. This room, in common, it must be said, with the rest of the apartments, has the walls well hung with interesting pictures; two by William Hogarth are of especial interest: the portrait of Lord Holland (engraved in this notice), and a picture of private theatricals, designed as a portrait-group, representing *The Conquest of Mexico*, as performed at the house of Mr. Conduit, the Master of the Mint, before the Duke of Cumberland, the Princesses, and a party of the nobility; another picture, ascribed to Hogarth, represents "Ranelagh Grove."

"Allen's Room" keeps green the memory of a gifted intellectual companion and affectionate friend of the third Lord and Lady Holland and of their son. Pictures and books add to the interest of this "memorial" chamber of John Allen, the family physician—who, for forty years, gave Lord Holland the solace and sympathy of his presence and his professional skill—was great in the fields of science, literature, and politics; he died April 10th, 1843. The "Journal Room" is one of the most historically memorable apartments in the mansion; it derives its name from the circumstance of the State Papers and Parliamentary Journals being there kept, and it was here, where political councils of "the party" were held, that Ministries were made or broken, in the days of strong Whig influence, exerted from Holland House as headquarters. This, too, is the chamber ever memorable in the annals of Liberal statesmanship, in which, it has been alleged, the great measures of Parliamentary Reform which culminated in the Bill of 1832, had their cradle; as it has been said the Reform Bill was carried in Lord Holland's "Journal Room" as much as in the House of Commons. Amongst numerous portraits which add to the interest of this historical chamber is the likeness by Phillips of Earl Grey, who—aided by Lord Holland and his steadfast allies—successfully accomplished Parliamentary Reform. "The White Parlour," already mentioned, is an interesting antique chamber, one of the most noteworthy relics of the past found on the ground floor. This chamber formerly communicated with the chapel; it is panelled with oak and contains a selection of portraits of distinguished connections and friends of the family; appropriately preserved in this unrestored chamber are two ancient chests of some interest, they belonged to Stephen Fox in the days of Charles II., and the popular notion once was that they held the money which he invested to so much advantage. It is stated that they secured the official papers when the founder of the Fox family was Paymaster of the Forces—the financial head of the War Office; by the judicious administration of this post the fortunes of the house were originally established.

The third Lord Holland died October 22nd, 1840, after two days' illness.

In Tom Raikes' Diary it is recorded concerning the prospects of the fourth Baron, "Mrs. Damer writes me that the new Lord Holland inherits an estate of 6,000*l.* per annum, on which there is an enormous debt. Holland House is left to Lady Holland, who will not live there."

Henry Edward Fox, the fourth Lord Holland, worthily continued the traditions associated with Holland House during the longer reign of his father, whose best epitaph is found in the well-known lines written by his hand a few days before his death:—

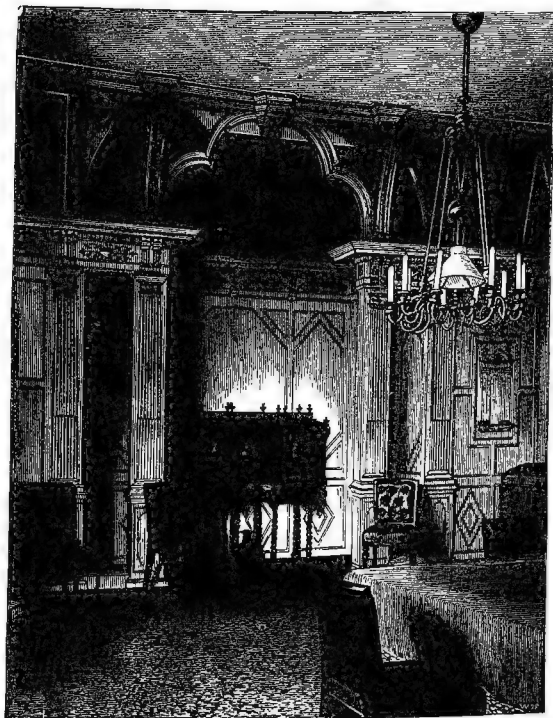
Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey—
Enough my meed of fame,
If those who deign'd to observe me say
I injured neither name.

In a similar spirit of generous emulation the aspirations of his son's career were directed to preserve unblemished the expansive benevolence and those excellencies of head and heart which had made the third Lord Holland respected no less by his political opponents than by his friends.

The last Lord Holland was born on March 7th, 1802, and inherited the gifts which distinguished his memorable parents. He married, in 1833, Lady Mary Augusta Coventry, daughter of the eighth Earl of Coventry and of Mary, daughter of the fifth Duke of St. Albans. Much of his life was spent abroad; in Paris he presided over an intellectual circle brilliant as regards the frequenters of his house as the famous Kensington *salon* already described. In his influential official capacity as English Minister at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany, Lord Holland had the happiness, congenial to his taste, of encouraging Literature and Art, and welcoming artists at the Casa Ferroni, then the English Legation in Florence; and also at the Villa Careggi all who were introduced to his kindly patronage found a genial reception, and, in instances, a home. The gentle C. R. Leslie, R.A., was attracted by the endearing qualities possessed by his patron; and, among living artists, the name of G. F. Watts, R.A., is specially associated with Holland House, connected by ties of life-long friendship with its last owners. Not only does the mansion contain very numerous portraits by his hand, but to his skill and care the choice decorations owe their restoration; while, as in the Gilt Room, Watts has himself supplied the missing figure-subjects. In 1843 we find the painter already enjoying the advantage of Lord Holland's sympathy and interest. When a youthful artist of promise, Watts had taken a 300*l.* prize for his cartoon of "Caractacus," Miss Fox records "his next successful entry into competition was his picture of 'Alfred inciting the Saxons to Maritime Enterprise.'" His entering on that occasion into competition was due to Lord Holland, who urged that, having once obtained a first prize, he should not shrink from a second encounter. The picture was painted at the Villa Careggi, Lord Holland's house; and its gaining the first prize was, we may easily imagine, a greater satisfaction to the far-seeing friend than to the young painter, who cared more for his art than for the glory it might bring him.

About 1843 Watts arrived at Florence. Lord Holland, ever ready with kind and generous hospitality, invited the young artist to stay at the Legation. At first, Mr. Watts only intended to spend a short time in Florence, but he remained on from day to day for nearly four years, in an increasing intimacy agreeable to all parties. An interesting souvenir of the last Lord Holland's *salon* in Florence is due to this intimacy. Hanging in the anteroom of the "Gilt Chamber" in Holland House is a series of sketches by Watts, portraits of many of the celebrated frequenters of the social *réunions* held at the Casa Ferroni, when Lord Holland was English Minister at the Court of Tuscany. These likenesses are drawn with a spirited hand, and are admirably expressive. They include, amongst others, the three Princes N., T., and L. Corsini, the Marquis Carrega, Cardinal Sacconi, Count Bossi, Cavalier Piero Dini, Count del Benino, Mr. Petre, Lord Walpole, Mr. Cotterell, Lady Normanby, and Lady Dover. In 1856, Watts painted portraits of some of the more intimate frequenters of Lord Holland's Paris *salon*—Guizot, Thiers, and Prince Jérôme Bonaparte; there are in Holland House portraits by his hand of the artist himself, painted in Florence, of the Princess Lieven, Edward Cheney, Mr. Cotterell, Sir A. Panizzi, Countess Walewska, Countess Castiglione, Duc d'Aumale, Binda, Dr. Playfair, the last Lord Holland, several portraits of the late Lady Holland, Mary Fox—a little girl with "Elia," a big Spanish pointer, and other productions by the same brush.

Under the auspices of the fourth Lord Holland the house was once more restored, and again in a double sense; while the mansion was subject to very considerable alterations, the hospitable social traditions remained unchanged. Lord Holland died at Naples, December 18th, 1859; a chapel to his memory was there erected by the reverential care of his widow, who, until within a short time of her decease, kept her house at Naples, and there passed no inconsiderable portion of her days, where invitations were universally sought after. This residence has only been relinquished within a few months. As an hostess, the late Lady Holland was no less famous than her predecessor, Elizabeth Vassall, the third Baroness, though, unlike the more formidable West Indian heiress, neither homage nor a surrender of the independence of individual opinions were exacted from her *protégés*; she presided in Holland House over a clever and pleasant *salon*, where the *élite* of English and Foreign Society assembled, or representatives of Science, the Fine Arts, Literature, the Drama, &c., were assured of



THE WHITE PARLOUR, WITH RECESS



LOWER TERRACE, SOUTH SIDE

upon a bronze tripod of later date. An inscription attached to the font states that it was cast by the Flemish founder, Maestro Michele Garelli, whose real name, it is said, was Cassell, Italianised into Garelli.

The porch of the Breakfast Room is a vestige of the antique portico which formerly formed part of the old Entrance Hall, converted by the late Lord Holland into the present large and handsome chamber, forty feet long by twenty feet wide. The walls are hung with old Genoese silk and velvet brocade, and are panelled with four *Arazzi*, after designs by François Boucher, severally representing "Bacchus and the Bacchantes," "Apollo with the Muses," "Vulcan and Venus," and "Jupiter receiving his Thunderbolts from Vulcan." Two of the *Arazzi* are placed above the chimney-pieces, and on either side of these are antique strips of Italian silk and gold embroidery on crimson velvet, mounted upon shaped pilasters, which lend a seventeenth-century character to the walls. There are in this apartment four arched doorways; these are also hung with old Genoese silk, draped in folds with choice tapestry. The bay windows of this chamber command fine prospects of the terraces and gardens. In the "Entrance Hall" is a bust of Charles James Fox by Nollekens, and a second bust, of later date, by the same sculptor is an object of interest in "The Breakfast Room;" tapestries, Sevres china, and Venetian looking-glasses enliven the aspect of this chamber, which is large enough to form a banquetting-room, and is certainly one of the handsomest apartments on the ground-floor. The China Room has "a grave-looking old chimney-piece," a stately Venetian chandelier; the walls are hung with stamped Cordova leather. As its name implies, it is devoted to porcelain, and contains, disposed in glass cases, remarkably choice and valuable services of Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Chelsea china, which, in their way, are almost as unique as the famous mansion to which they have gravitated. The dessert service of old Chelsea, one of the many mementoes, historical and personal, collected in Holland House, must be mentioned as having been presented by the Chelsea China Company to Dr. Johnson, who, during his leisure hours, gave much time to the factory, in which he felt peculiarly interested. Similar treasures of suites

a cordial welcome from the graceful and amiable lady, whose "Breakfasts," which for many years attracted all the world of fashion, became quite features of the London season.

The lady of the house possessed, in a peculiar degree, the art of bringing out the more attractive qualities of her guests, and, apparently unconsciously, succeeded in raising her friends to her own intellectual level.

In Nightingale Lane, near the family mansion, was Little Holland House, where lived and died Miss Fox, sister of Lord Holland. In the north-west corner of the grounds facing the Uxbridge Road there stood a smaller mansion, with pleasure gardens and lawns covering some seven acres; this was tenanted by Lieut.-Col. C. R. Fox, the son of the third Lord Holland, born before an Act of Parliament dissolved the marriage of Sir Godfrey Webster with Elizabeth Vassall, and that lady was enabled to become Baroness Holland. By a coincidence, General Fox, himself a natural son, espoused Lady Mary Fitzclarence, the daughter of Mrs. Jordan by the Duke of Clarence; the General, who was for some time M.P. for Stroud, and Secretary to the Ordnance Board, was also well known as a numismatist. On his decease, the grounds of his mansion were sold for building purposes, and shortly after the house itself was demolished.

The first floor, as approached by the principal staircase, has, on the right or east wing, the late Lady Holland's suite of private apartments—the sitting-room, boudoir, dressing-room, and the bedroom; to the west is a large apartment known as "The Blue Room," this was the late Lord Holland's dressing-room. The chief "show" apartments on this floor are the Gilt Room, facing south, entered through an ante-room, and communicating with the Miniature Room; the Yellow Room; the Sir Joshua Room (Crimson Drawing-Room) and the Dining-Room, both the latter facing north; and the principal library, which occupies the entire length of the west wing, and leads into the Inner Library, an extension thrown out from the Long Library. The Gilt Room is wainscoted, and the panelled compartments, separated by wooden basso-relievo columns, are ornamented with medallions bordered with blue and gold. This sumptuous apartment, the ball-room of the original edifice, is from Thorpe's design, and was decorated by Cleyn; the paintings have more recently been restored by Watts. It is said the Gilt Room was prepared by the first Earl of Holland for the purpose of giving a ball to Prince Charles on the occasion of his marriage. An engraving is given of the oriel recess in this apartment; the oriel window commands a view of the terrace and field, shut in from town by a thick belt of trees. The Crimson Drawing-Room, known as "The Sir Joshua Room," has been chiefly devoted to works from the magic brush of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who is reported to have been a frequent visitor at Holland House; Sir Joshua's masterpiece in this apartment is the portrait group of Lady Lennox, Lady Susan Strangways, and young C. J. Fox, as already described. In the same company, amongst other works by Reynolds, are his "Muscipula;" his portrait of Baretta (from Thrale's, at Streatham); Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland; Charles James Fox (1784); Mary, Lady Holland; Florentius Vassall, with Mrs. Russell (when a child); Lord George Lennox; Right Hon. Thomas Conolly; Mary, Duchess of Richmond; and the Hon. Caroline Fox (as a child), &c. The Dining Room is hung with crimson damask; it has a buffet of rich family-plate, and contains several attractive pictures, including, amongst others, Reynolds's portrait of the first Lady Holland; the third Lady Holland, painted at Naples by Robert Fagan, and two portraits of the late Lady Holland by Watts. It was in this chamber that Addison died. The Long Library has been alluded to by Macaulay as "that venerable chamber in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the learning of many hands and many ages; and those portraits, in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations." The aspect of this pleasant retreat, as it appeared in the days of the third Lord and Lady Holland, survives in C. R. Leslie's interesting picture, of which a reduced version is given. Another engraving of the "North View of the Library" gives something more than half the length of this chamber dedicated to learned lore. The walls of the Library Passage are filled with interesting souvenirs, portraits, relics, and autographs. The Miniature Room, as its name suggests, is devoted to portraits-in-small; it is hung with yellow, and on its walls are cases containing exquisite examples of the miniaturist's art, including specimens by Samuel Cooper, Samuel Collins, Samuel Shelley, Richard Cosway, R.A.; Maria Cosway, Andrew Plimer, Mrs. Anne Mee, Francis Cotes, R.A.; John S. Stump, Thorburn, and others. We have reproduced several of those portraits, which are rendered more directly noteworthy from family associations; a mere list, to say nothing of an extended review, of the pictures in Holland House would occupy much space. We can only hope, in conclusion, that the family-mansion—replete with Art-treasures and souvenirs connected with the personal histories of its successive occupants—may long continue intact, an interesting memorial of past worthies, linked with a generation in which has vanished with the late generous-hearted owners of Holland House.

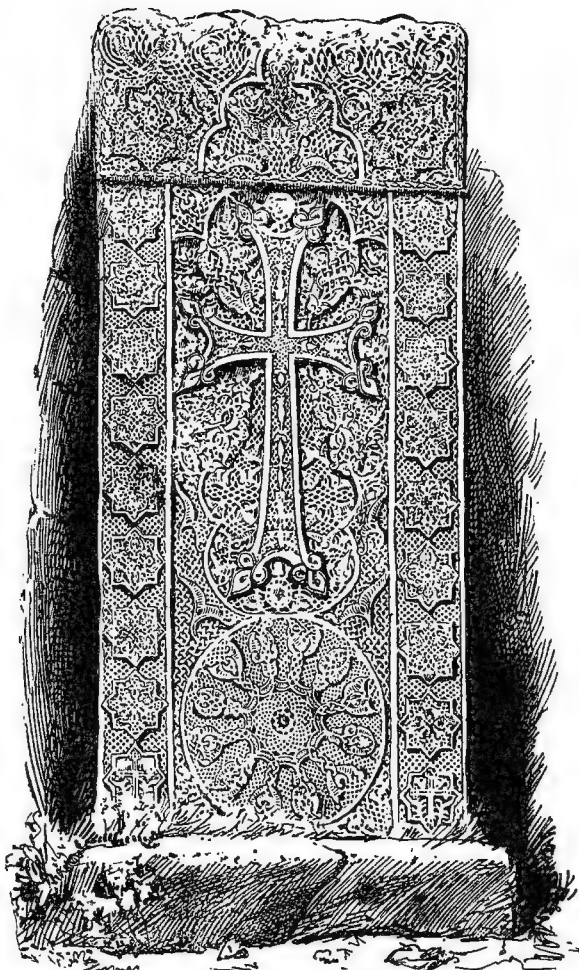
JOSEPH GREGO

SOME ARMENIAN MONASTERIES

The Monastery of St. Macar, of which our illustration shows the western entrance (date 902 A.D.), is built on the slope of a



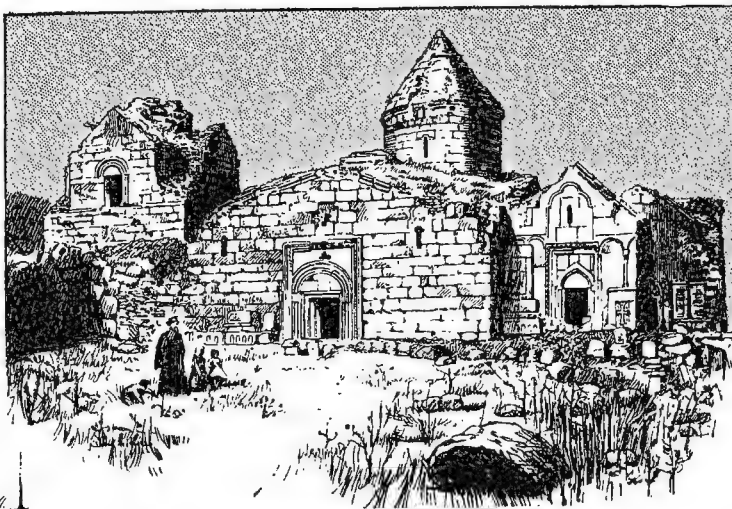
THE WEST ENTRANCE OF THE MONASTERY OF ST. MACAR



CARVED STONE IN THE YARD OF GOSH MKHITHAR MONASTERY

wooded mountain, about eight miles from the Ousounthala Station on the Erivan road. On one side is a stream, and on the other a ravine, both bearing the name of the monastery. The ruins of different mills and other establishments round the monastery show that it was formerly in a prosperous condition. The buildings are very substantial, and most of the stones bear inscriptions, and carvings of ornamental crosses, human figures, and animals. The interior is composed of ten arches supported by stone columns, of which one is in a single piece. The Monastery of Kirans is situated about twenty miles from the same station, and on the same road. No trace of date has been found on or within this building; there are several inscriptions on the stones, but none legible. Around the church there are many tombstones with carvings and inscriptions, but equally illegible. Some of the inscriptions appear to have been intentionally damaged so as to render them undecipherable. The Monastery of Haghartzin is situated about eight miles from Dilijan Station, on the Erivan road, and was built at the beginning of the twelfth century. It consists of three churches, namely St. Stephen, St. Gregory the Illuminator, and the Holy Virgin. The first two are ruins, but the third is still standing. There is a solitary monk with an assistant living there, who has devoted himself to the maintenance of the church. Round this monastery are the tombs of various Armenian kings—Gakik, Imbat, and Ohannes.

The Monastery of Gosh Mkhithar, of which our illustration shows the western side (date unknown), is situated in a small village about five miles from the Aghstafa Station on the Erivan road. Nearly

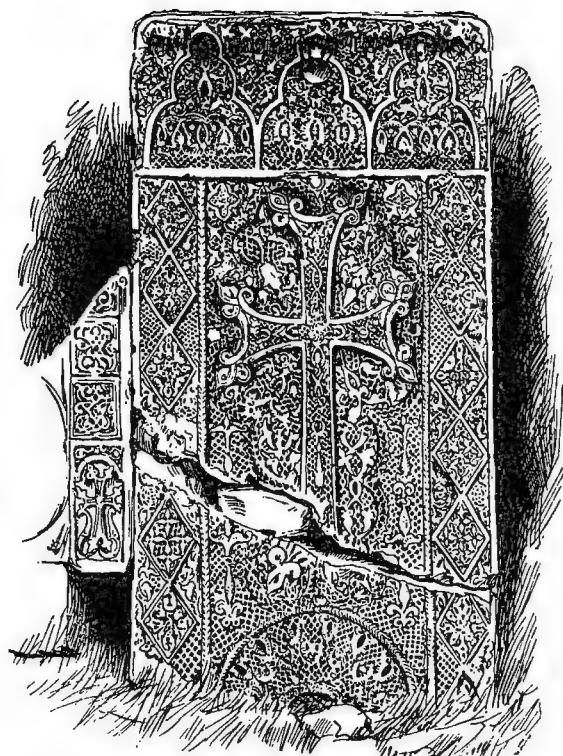


THE MONASTERY OF GOSH MKHITHAR

every stone in the interior of the church bears inscriptions both in carving or painted in red; there are also many other stones with carved ornamental crosses. Around the monastery are a great number of finely carved cross-stones, some intact and some broken and damaged. On one of the walls there is a sundial. Our two remaining illustrations show specimens of cross-stones in the yard of the Monastery.

NEW MUSIC

MISCELLANEOUS. — There is much true pathos in "Shadows," a song for serious moments, written and composed by Henry Chard and W. H. Squire (Messrs. Augener and Co.). — Longfellow's exquisite poem, "Afternoon in February,"



CARVED STONE IN THE YARD OF GOSH MKHITHAR MONASTERY

has been tastefully set to music by J. Jacques Haakman; the compass is from C below the lines to the octave above. By the above-named composer is "Feuille d'Album," a charming duet for violin and pianoforte (Charles Woolhouse). — Novelties are always welcome to young people, especially when in the shape of a new dance. "The Chorolistha," an entirely new round dance, invented, composed, and

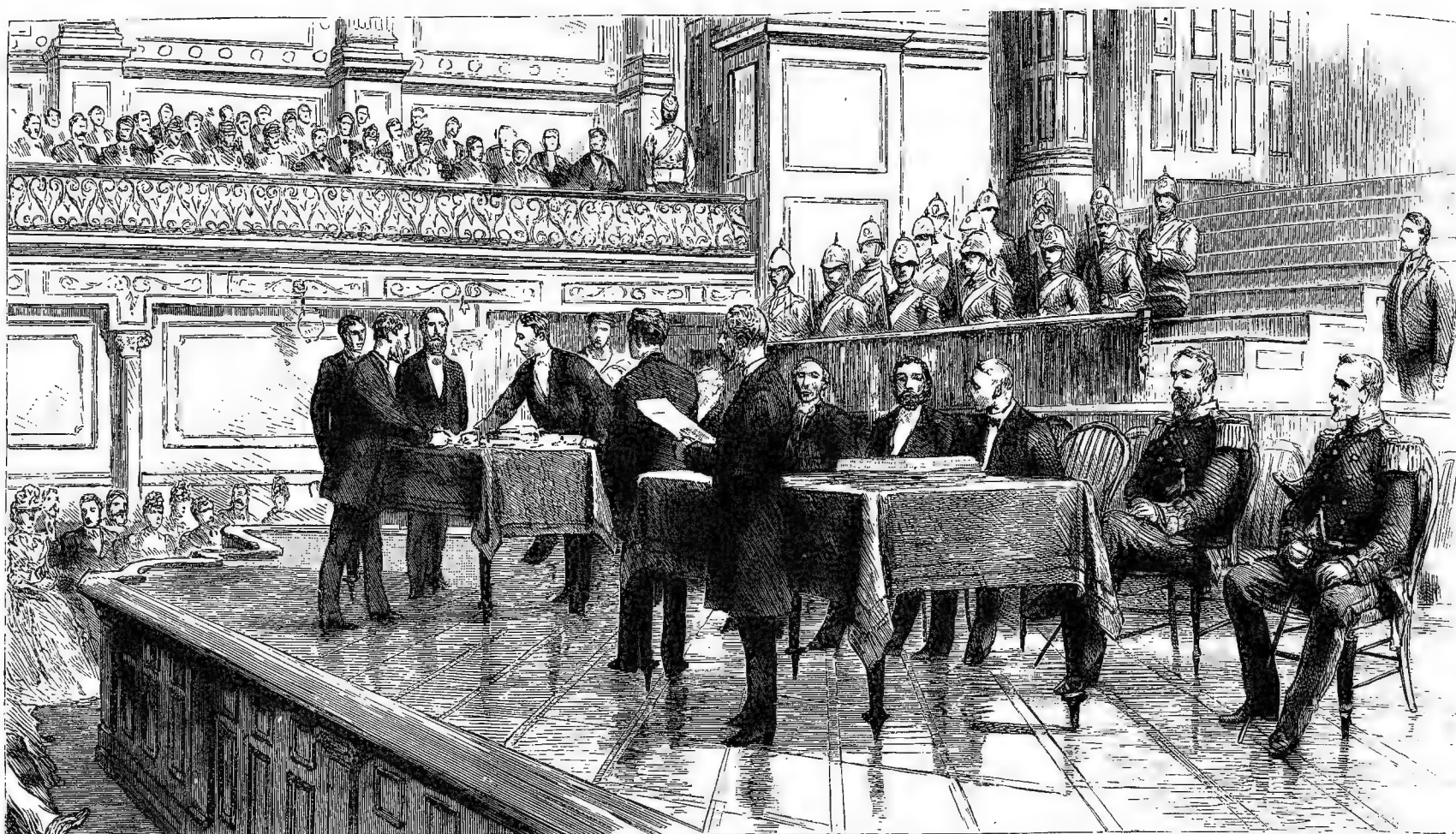


THE MONASTERY OF KIRANS

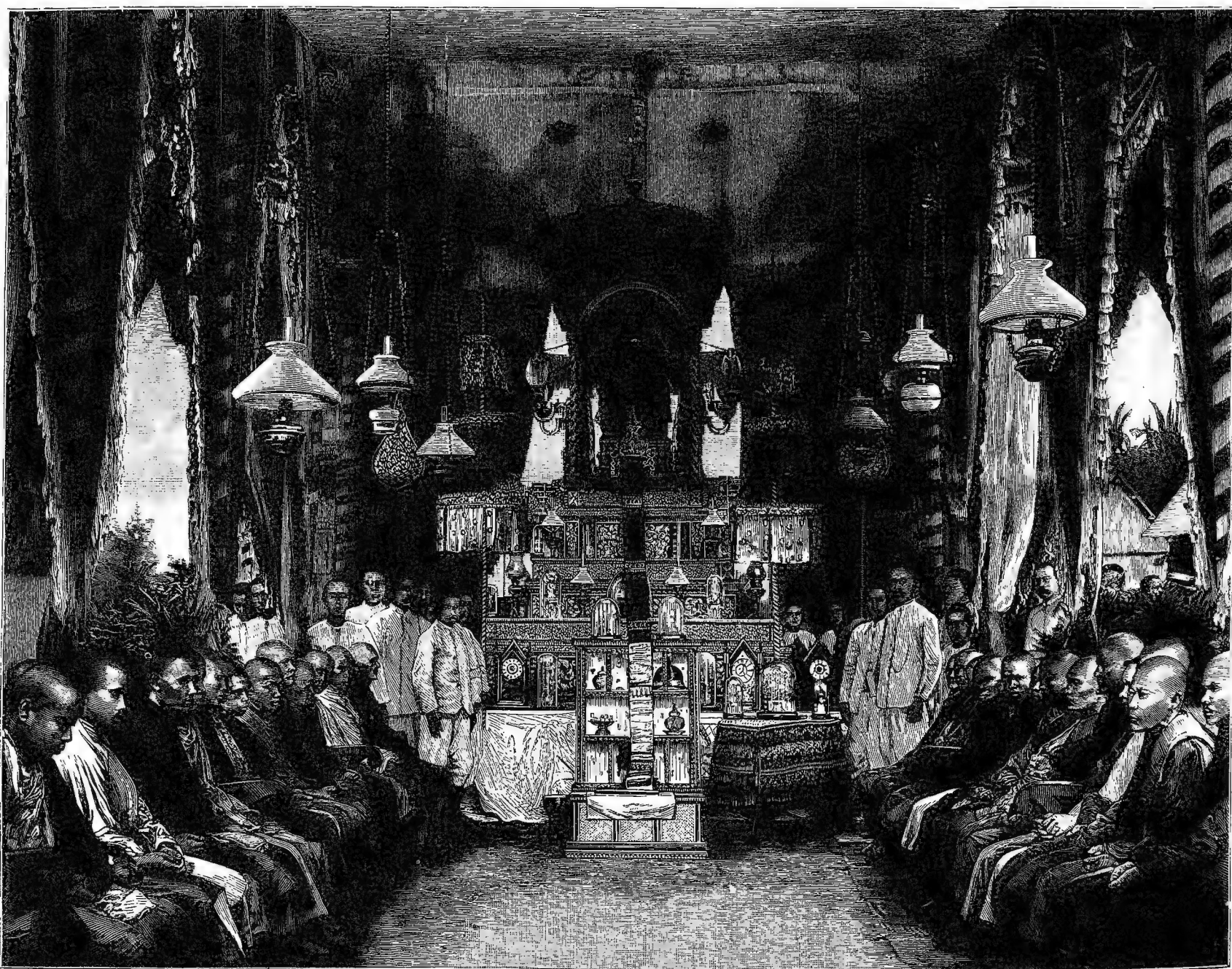
explained by Edward Scott, who is already well known to fame, is intended to cast into the shade waltz, polka, galop, &c. Very full and explicit directions are given as to the steps and figures of this new dance. The author in the preface remarks:—"Pupils who are naturally graceful will acquire the correct feeling of the dance, so to speak, spontaneously, with others it will be a matter of cultivation. Any one with a taste for dancing, and a moderate amount of patience, can learn this dance from the description given." The music is tuneful, and the time is well marked (Messrs. Francis and Day). — A series of easy and effective pieces for the pianoforte, composed, fingered, and annotated by Ralph Cecil, are published under the collective title of "Time and Tune;" they are pretty trifles with fanciful names, such as "Pearl Drops," "Sweet Hyacinth," "Dew Drops," &c.; these two-page pieces will find favour with juvenile performers (Messrs. Wood and Co.).



THE MONASTERY OF HAGHARTZIN



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A WORLD OF ISLANDS

It was the fantastic suggestion of some novelty-monger in fiction that the world would be much better arranged for the happiness and welfare of its population if the whole of its habitable territory had been parcelled out by Nature into islands not exceeding a hundred square miles or so in area. This, it was argued, would bring about a perfectly millennial state of affairs for humanity by the all-round equalising of climates, temperatures, and conditions of health; the unification of social and commercial interests; and the absorption of nations and their differences into one common cosmopolitanity. If the present trackless fields of ocean were dotted with such island homes, and the unwieldy expanses of continent interlaced, on the same plan, with highways and byways of sea, it would develop, said this visionary, the ideal of terrestrial completeness.

Having, however, to take the world as it is, and not as it might be, no one is much concerned to follow up the possibilities of such a dream. Yet there is something of interest about the general notion of insular bliss and security which prompted it. A thread of fact runs through the web of fancy; and if there is anything at all in the idea of this special island felicity it ought to come home to us Britishers in particular. With our headquarters in an island; with several of the largest islands in the world as our colonies; and a host of smaller ones as outposts; we should at any rate be able to render a reason for our predilection. Apart from political or commercial purposes, we seem to gravitate towards the "isles of the sea," and to pick them out even for mere pleasure-resorts. Every year our World of Islands enlarges itself, and, in this latter capacity at least, extends far beyond the range of our own possessions. The number of minor islands on which we have thus conferred a reputation within the present century is something startling to contemplate. Many of those surrounding even our own shores must be allowed to rank as discoveries, in this sense. For generations the home tourist was content with the beauties and salubrity of Hayling and the Wight, of Anglesea, the Isle of Man, and one or two of the Scotch islands, if he cared about a more distant flight. But where there was formerly one person who had made acquaintance with even these, we have now a score to whom the peculiar characteristics of Fladda or Inishfail, and the choice attractions of some specially remote Orkney or Hebride, are annual studies. Not even such odds and ends as the Bass or the Tuskar have been able to escape the inquisitive eye and foot of the tourist. If they have been humble and insignificant rocks in times past, that is the very reason why they ought to be brought into notice now. Satellites are the order of the day; Sark and Lundy, and the smaller items of the Scilly, have all their special features and novelties worth exploring, if only for the sake of being able to ask one's friends at home "whether they have been to So-and-so," which one will be quite safe in assuming they have not.

A little further afield than the ring-fence of Britain, the catalogue is still more comprehensive and varied. Perhaps hardly any one individual in the average educated class realises the astonishing number of comparatively tiny islands whereon, with one purpose or another, the British foot-print has been stamped. Long before turning our attention to such distant outposts as the Seychelles, the Crozets, Tristan d'Acunha, or Pitcairn, we are absolutely bewildered with the mere numerical summary of the small islands where the wanderer may alight with the probability of hearing the mother-tongue spoken. Take for example the groups of the North-West Atlantic, which are rapidly becoming more familiar to us—the Madeiras, Canaries, and Azores. In these three clusters alone we find no less than eighteen habitable and inhabited islands, every one of them a county in itself, and possessing those special features or qualifications which may commend it to one or another of its visitors. In one it is climate; in another, trade; in another, natural science; in another, quiet and retirement; or, if none of these, the mere fact of novelty, as just alluded to.

Look eastward—or, for the matter of that, to any quarter of the compass you will—and you can hardly strike a radius from England which does not pass within hail of some such island. Before we are well across the North Sea, there is little Heligoland, with its spire and townlet standing out as if on a tablet inlaid upon the ocean. Even so diminutive a spot as Sandy Island, the satellite of Heligoland, has been marked out and utilised as a bathing resort,

claiming a traffic of its own. Passing our own well-known Channel Islands, we may notice Ushant, Oléron, and other representatives of the French island-world. At the gate of the Mediterranean one may almost venture to include Gibraltar in the list; for, although the narrow link of the neutral sand-spit excludes it physically from the rank of an island, it would be difficult to point to a place more completely insular in all other respects.

In Malta and Cyprus we are not only at home, but dominant; while almost year by year one or other of the islands hanging to the skirts of Greece is brought to our attention through some direct communication of our own. Far out amongst the "great waters," the solitary heights of St. Helena and Ascension have fixed their claim on us as residences and ports of call, though, perhaps, few besides the initiated could undertake to say how or why. Newfoundland has not the repute of offering a very hospitable shore; yet it possesses a summer season with attractions of its own, and is becoming an excursion ground for our cousins over the way. Only a few years back, somebody "discovered" the Island of Anticosti, and although its notoriety was transient, it afforded another instance of the same predilection. Even Iceland is by no means beyond our ken, and if from that extreme we turn to the other, and take big Ceylon and little Singapore as stepping-stones to Borneo and the Pacific, we are merely on the threshold of a new world of islands.

In nine cases out of ten, when the current of circumstances or events brings us into passing conflict with the views or institutions of other nationalities, there is an island in the question. An unfamiliar Continental territory is always something vague and indefinite, and excites an interest less in proportion; but about an island there is a traditional sense of graspable and exclusive proprietorship, and one feels almost intuitively that it is something worth keeping and fighting for. It may not be easy at a moment's notice to define the inherent merits of an island *per se*, but they are evidently distinct enough to exert a peculiar attraction on a race in which, as in ours, individuality of character is a strong point.



THE APPOINTMENT, worth about 1,200l. a-year, of Clerk of Assize in the Northern Circuit, vacant through the death of Mr. T. M. Shuttleworth, has been conferred on Mr. H. L. Stephen, son of Mr. Justice Stephen.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on the victims, now six in number, of the Longsight railway accident was concluded on Tuesday. James Swift, the signalman, who is in custody on a charge of manslaughter, was examined, and admitted that he had made the mistake of which the collision was the result. The jury returned in each case a verdict of death from misadventure.

JAMES DUKF, suspected of being the perpetrator of the Bury murder, chronicled in this column last week, has been committed by the Bury magistrates. He appeared unconcerned, and reserved his defence.

THE POLICE, at two o'clock on Sunday morning last, succeeded, after the failure of some previous attempts, in entering the premises of the so-called "Weiss Bier Club," in Charing Cross Road, which they knew to be a disreputable haunt, and which they believed was used as a common gaming-house. Resistance was offered so effectually that the gamblers had time to escape from the club-room, after trying to wash away the chalk squares on the table in it, used for playing at faro. Traces of the squares were, however, visible, and a number of torn packs of cards, with dice, &c., were found. Some fifty persons, mostly foreigners, and several of them women, were arrested elsewhere on the premises, and, having been charged at Marlborough Street, were remanded. It is worth noting that among them was a man recently fined for gambling, and another who had been bound over not to gamble again, in both cases in connection with the recent raid on the Cranbourn Club.

THE LAMBETH POLICE MAGISTRATE inflicted a very proper punishment on a boy, one of several who of late have amused themselves with throwing stones from a railway bridge on the London, Chatham, and Dover High-Level Line to the Crystal Palace, at passengers. He was caught just after he had thrown a stone. His mother begged that he should be let off with a fine, but the magistrate ordered him to receive six strokes with the rod at the police-station.

THE JUSTICES AT BARNET fined the owner of a dog with an adjustable muzzle arranged so that the animal might have liberty to drink. It took advantage, however, of the arrangement to bite a boy in the leg. The owner pleaded that the dog was properly muzzled; but the Bench decided that an adjustable strap-muzzle without a guard in front of the dog's mouth was not a sufficient compliance with the Act.—Infractions of the muzzling order are being frequently punished by fine in town and country. At the Guildhall the owner of three greyhound sapling-dogs was charged with allowing them to go unmuzzled in Gutter Lane. It being contended for him that he had not infringed the rabies order, as an exception was made in it in favour of sporting dogs, it was pointed out that the exemption was applicable only when the dogs are in use for sporting purposes.

RUSSIA WILL EMPLOY NO FOREIGNERS in her telegraph service after this year. Every alien telegraph official must either be naturalised a Russian subject by January 1st next, or lose his situation.

THE PRIZE OF 25,000l. FOR THE BEST METHOD OF DESTROYING THE RABBIT PEST in New South Wales has not been won, after two years' experiments, so the Government have withdrawn their offer. The rabbits now greatly trouble New Zealand, but are kept under by the hawks, which carry off thousands in the year.

A PERILOUS TRIP FROM LONDON TO AUSTRIA in a lifeboat is now being made by a Norwegian mariner. The boat—*Sorm King*—is 30 feet long, with a beam of 4 feet 6 inches, and of eight tons register. She reached Madeira safely last week, after twenty-one days' passage from the Thames, and left for Cape Town, on her way to Melbourne.

NEW GERMAN COINS AND MEDALS now being issued differ considerably from the design first adopted when William II. succeeded to the throne. Then the Imperial effigy simply consisted of the Emperor's head, like the old Roman medals; so the Director of the Archaeological Institute suggested that His Majesty looked as if he had been decapitated—an unlucky omen. Emperor William took the hint, and accordingly his whole bust appears on the fresh coins and medals, while he sent some of the first specimens struck to the Director in gratitude for his suggestion.

AMERICAN GOLD DOLLARS are little used for actual monetary circulation, but chiefly for ornaments and keepsakes. When these coins were first issued, in 1849, people objected to their small size, as they were so easily lost, and though four years ago the dollar was made thinner, and consequently larger in diameter, it is still unpopular. About 5,000 are coined yearly, and nearly all are converted into ladies' bangles, charms for watch-chains—with the owner's initials or some affectionate sentiment from a lover engraved on the reverse—ornaments for golden wedding celebrations, or souvenirs for Americans living abroad.

HYPNOTISM is decidedly a novel factor in legal proceedings. A medical student at Helsingborg recently prosecuted a Swedish doctor in the same town for hypnotising him against his will on repeated occasions, so that his nervous system had been much affected. He called numerous witnesses for his case, but they behaved in the most extraordinary manner in Court, giving foolish and contradictory answers, and acting altogether like lunatics. At last a doctor pronounced that his fellow-practitioner, the defendant, had hypnotised all the witnesses, who were thus obliged to act and speak exactly as he chose, without being able to exercise their own will or judgment. The case was adjourned for further medical testimony.

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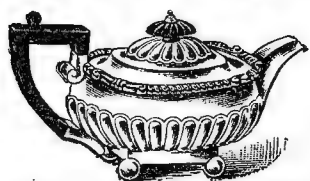
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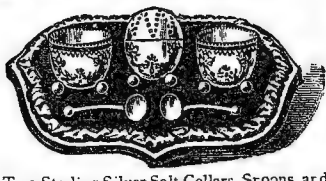
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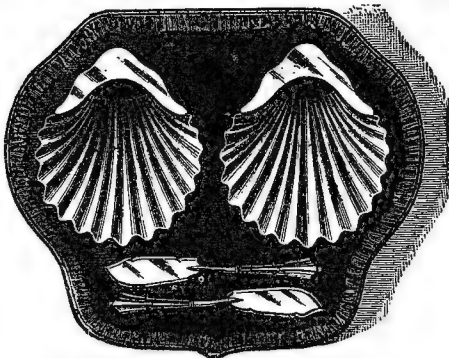

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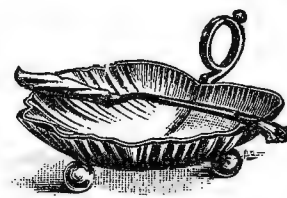
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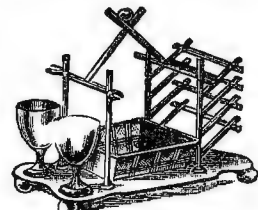
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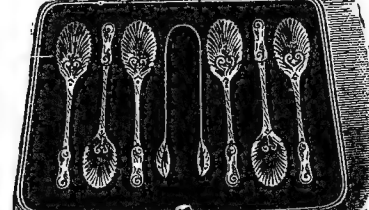
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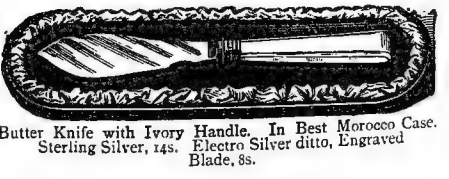
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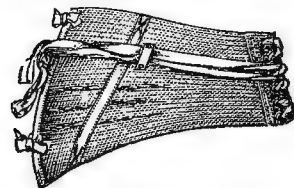
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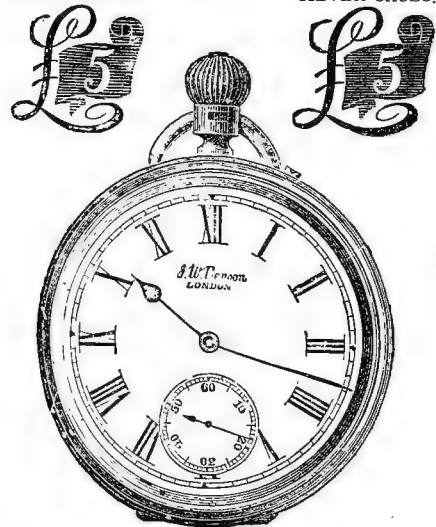
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RURAL NOTES

OCTOBER has begun with sales of English wheat equalling 40,000 quarters each market day. The price has fallen to 30s. 6d. per 504 lbs., though the average being taken on a 480 lb. standard unduly depreciates the value of corn, and gives a "statutory" quotation of 29s. 1d. only. It is inferred from these prices, 29s. to 31s., for the new corn, either that native wheat is very inferior in sample, or that farmers are parting with their wheat under stress of necessity at less than it is worth. There is little doubt that the latter is the principal cause, as in October last year wheat was sold for 29s., and the average of the cereal year was 30s. 7d. per quarter. This 1s. 7d. on the quarter ought to be saved to the agriculturist.

YEAST.—It is a curious thing that a million a year should be paid to the foreigner for yeast, an article of which there is a plentiful and continuous supply at our own doors. It would be incredible, but for the returns of the Custom House authorities, and for the high repute of our correspondent, Mr. Ellis, that whereas at the beginning of the century every baker and confectioner in this country got his yeast from the English brewer, he now relies on Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark for his main supply. And yet we are the greatest yeast-producers in the world, for we drink and brew stronger beer than any other nation, and it is from these sorts of beer that the strongest fermentative power is derived. It certainly is a humiliating reflection that, possessing all this advantage to start with we have allowed what ought to have been a pure home industry to die out, and, entirely through our own neglect, permitted the creation of a foreign monopoly, to which our bakers and confectioners pay a regular yearly tribute. English yeast now goes abroad at 3d. a ton, to be used in making beet sugar, while foreign yeast is imported and sold in retail quantities, raising the price to 60s. a ton!

HOPS.—The returns from all the principal hop-growing districts of England are now complete, and they enable us to give a more decided opinion of the total yield than has hitherto been possible. It is, therefore, very satisfactory to have to state that there is little doubt of the 1889 yield being over an average. In the heart of England the yield is about 5 cwt. to the acre, but of very fine quality and delicate flavour. In Kent and Sussex most of the latest-gathered hops have come down perfectly healthy, though somewhat discoloured. Even with this drawback, the season is reckoned in these two leading hop-counties as the best for some years. The yield averages, perhaps, 9 cwt. to the acre, and the quality, while varying somewhat, is often very good, indeed, especially the earlier sorts. It has been a good season for the pickers, who have earned an unusual sum, owing to the somewhat protracted in-getting of a naturally heavy crop. The trouble which the pickers have been to the country villagers has been less than in former years. The yield having been thus satisfactory, it is disappointing to find that the acreage devoted this year to the growth of hops was decidedly smaller than usual.

PICKLE-FARMING is not a well-known branch of agricultural industry, and we have to thank Mr. W. J. Malden, who, in the October number of the re-established *Farmers' Magazine*, initiates us into some of the mysteries of this contrast to "the cultivation of jam." It seems that West Ham, in Essex, was once the centre of the pickle-farmer; but West Ham is now a particularly gloomy East End suburb—about as rural as Willow Walk or Cambridge Heath. West Ham agriculture, therefore, has become extinct; and Biggleswade, its former competitor in the industry, is

left in undisputed possession of the field. As a rule, we learn, the whole operation of pickling is not done on the farms, as, after the brining stage, the appliances at the great pickle manufacturers are more economical than any retail or small-scale operations could be made. The Biggleswade farms grow onions, cauliflowers, cucumbers, and cabbages for pickling; while wheat, potatoes, barley, swedes, carrots, and mangolds are alternative crops used for resting the land from the growth of the four main vegetables. The industry appears to be an exceedingly flourishing one—a circumstance which renders the apparent absence of competition rather curious.

THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON, held last week and part of this, had many good features to compensate for many shortcomings. The cattle were doubtless good, rather than handsome, as the long array of Jerseys and Guernseys—lean martyrs to their own good milking qualities—outnumbered other sorts entirely, and made the groups of stock look unfed and unlovely victims of a sweating system—the reverse of pastoral pictures, when the knee-deep browsing kine are being called home to fill the rural milking-pail. Comparisons are odious between the Islington Dairy and the many private and commercial delights which may be seen—say at Holland Park Dairy, the Express Dairy at College Farm, Finchley; Wellford's Dairy; the Aylesbury, at Bayswater; and many other great establishments, formed for trade purposes, but yet models of completeness—in their stock, their feeding stalls (dainty May Fair Mansions for Cattle), the refreshing coolness of the dairy, with its battery of spotless utensils and appliances, rendering a visit to a good London dairy a pleasure to be remembered. Besides, there are the private dairies of the Queen at Windsor, of the Princess of Wales at Sandringham, of the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, Lord Hampden at Glynde, Lord Walsingham at Merton—ah! and even the good dairies of sewage farms, may be seen with pleasure, and less offence to taste, smell, and congruity than is felt in surveying the British Dairy Farmers' Association at the Agricultural Hall, which should, and might, be made a model for the whole country. Too much is attempted, and the pastoral picture, the rural lesson, that might be valuable, are spoilt and debased by the introduction of mean and popular objects, which the managers hope will attract the people, and make the Show pay. The Dairy Show had a catalogue of 252 pp., and these infer many entries of cattle, pigs, goats, poultry, and pigeons, besides exhibits of cheese, butter, and other dairy products; of milking trials of the animals, skill-trials of milkmen and milkmaids, churn and other trials of utensils. Truly the Exhibition was large and interesting, whilst the list of exhibitors and of prices included many notable names familiar to the agricultural public.



II.

IN the *Nineteenth Century*, under the heading "The Attack on the Native States of India," Mohsin-ul-Mulk (Mehdi Ali) replies to certain charges brought by Sir Lepel Griffin against the administration of Native States. His defence is largely confined to the State of Hyderabad, and he observes that "there are few rulers who have more fully recognised the obligations and responsibilities of Government than has the present Nizam of Hyderabad; and the record of the progress of this State during the past five years would be utterly incomplete without a respectful recognition on our part of the constant and cheerful sacrifice of self by our ruler to those duties which are involved in his exalted position."—Mrs. Henry Ady describes the havoc being wrought on the Tiber during the last few years in "Rome in 1889." Modern improvement is here

seen as a new and more dangerous Vandalism. She has also mentioned that is interesting to say about excavations.—Professor Max Müller has a learned and instructive article on "Lady Toad," Mr. Gladstone reviews the "Journal de Marie Bashkirtseff," and among the other contributors are Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., and the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

An article, sensible and moderate in tone, on "The Labour Problem" is contributed to this month's *Fortnightly* by Mr. David F. Schloss. He wisely observes that, while strikes leave behind them bitter memories, the spontaneous concessions which the method of profit-sharing makes to the legitimate claims of labour will most powerfully tend permanently to sweeten the relations between the officers and the rank and file in the vast army of labour, converting the working man from a dissatisfied and often dishonest drudge into a contented, a willing, a zealous co-operator—a co-partner with his superior, no longer a slave, toiling to gratify the greed of a task-master.—Grant Allen contributes "Plain Words on the Woman Question." He holds that it is the slavishness begotten in women by the régime of man against which he and his friends have most to fight. "As a matter of fact," he says, "few women will go so far in their desire to emancipate women as many men will go. It was Ibsen, not Mrs. Ibsen, who wrote 'The Doll's House.' It was women, not men, who ostracised George Eliot."—Mr. George Moore writes with knowledge and enthusiasm on "Some of Balzac's Minor Pieces."—Well-informed is an anonymous paper on "The Armed Strength of France," and the same epithet applies, of course, to Sir Samuel Baker's "African Development: the Soudan."

The *Contemporary Review* opens with a long and exhaustive examination of the foreign politics of the hour, "The Triple Alliance, and Italy's Place in It," by "Outidanos." The keynote of this writer's line of thought is to be found in the sentence: "Italy, by nature, stands in alliance neither with anarchy nor with Cæsarism, but with the cause and the advocates of rational liberty and progress throughout Europe."—Principal Miller takes up the cudgels against Mr. Townshead, in an article on "Cheap Missionaries and Mission Education."—In "The Latest Life of Steele," Mr. Austin Dobson examines a recent biographical work by Mr. George A. Aitken.—Among the other contributors are Colonel F. Maurice, Mr. James Runciman, Mr. W. S. Lilly, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

The *National Review* for October is a more interesting number than usual. Its first paper is by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, the Unionist brother of the member for Camborne, and deals with the question of "The Endowment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland."—Colonel Olcott supplies curious information about "The Genesis of Theosophy," while Mr. J. D. Hunting is amusing ancient "Woman and Tobacco."—Mr. J. Watson has an excellent naturalist article, containing the result of much research and observation, in "Will Ducks and Duck-Deceiving."

East and West continues to maintain the high promise of its beginning, and two features which will enhance its enjoyment for many people are its clear, large type, and the substantial paper on which that type is printed. Besides the interesting serial, "Cosette," by the author; "Patty," and the useful series, "Some Dutch Painters," by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I., who this month introduces his readers to "Jan Steen," we have a thoughtful essay, by Mr. R. E. Francillon, on the lessons of "The Stuart Exhibition." "It will be strange, indeed," observes this writer, "if those who have so highly appreciated the value, both historical and financial, of the Stuart Exhibition, fail to substantially assist the further development of that Exhibition's whole purpose and only reason for existence—namely, a truer and better appreciation of the events of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" on the history of Great Britain and of Christendom at large."—"A Lesson in Love," by the author of "Dorothy Fox," opens cleverly; and Mr. H. Buchanan Ryley's poem, "Ah! Royal Egypt," is of merit, and musical.

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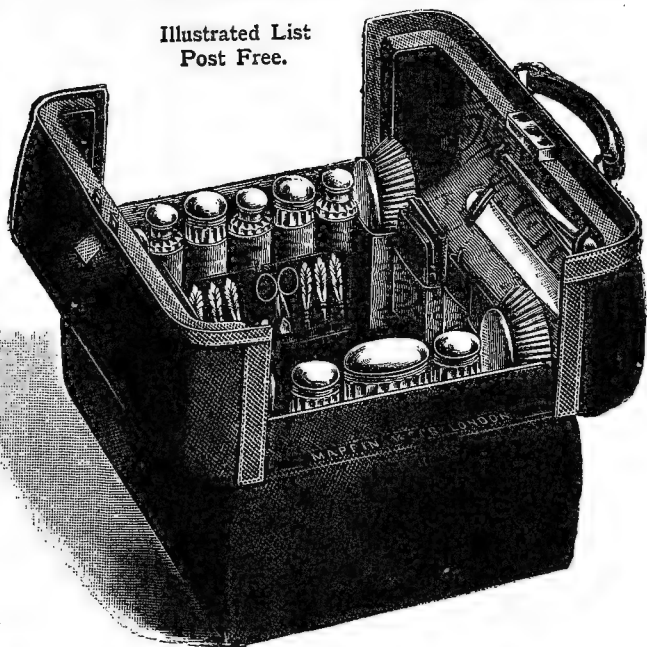
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In *Longman*, Mr. Brander Matthews presents, clearly, the technical difficulties attending "The Dramatisation of Novels."—A semi-scientific paper, very instructive in its way, is "The Föhn," by Mr. Henry Harries.—"Waiting for the Khiva," is a pathetic short story, touchingly told by M. Rowan.

Perhaps the most striking contribution to this month's *Century*, from a literary point of view, is M. C. Coquelin's "Molière and Shakespeare." He compares, in interesting fashion, many of the leading characters in the two poets, such as Harpagon and Shylock, for example. Generally, he remarks, that it might be said that "Shakespeare teaches us to think, but that Molière teaches us to live."—Mr. Walter Camp should be read by lovers of manly sports in "Base-Ball, for the Spectator."

In *Harper*, Mr. Theodore Child writes entertainingly, and from personal observation, of "The Fair of Nijni-Novgorod;" while a charmingly illustrated, nicely-written, descriptive paper is Mr. Fred W. Somers's "Forests of the Californian Coast Range."—Pleasant articles, too, are "A Peculiar People," by Mr. Howard Glyn; and "A Corner of Scotland Worth Knowing," by Professor W. G. Blaikie, D.D.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a fine photograph of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love." The picture is a masterly one, and if the contrast made is not altogether pleasant, the work marks the advance of an ambitious and earnest young painter towards his goal.—There is also an excellent engraving by Jonnard, taken from George Romney's portrait of "Lady Hamilton as Miranda."—Generally interesting will be found the two papers by Mr. W. P. Frith and the Editor, on "Artistic Advertising," as is also "The Gladstone Commemorative Album," by Lewis F. Day, Walter Crane, A.R.W.S., and Henry Holiday; with border-illustrations by the authors.

An etching by Mr. J. Grote, from Raphael's painting of "The Knight's Dream," forms the frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. Among the articles may be mentioned "Lord Leicester's Hospital, Warwick," by Emily Swinerton; and Mr. T. Aldham Heaton's "Beauty in Colour and Form; How to Seek, Where to Find."

Art and Literature has for its frontispiece a really beautiful mezzotint by Maclure, Macdonald, and Co., of Glasgow, taken from the painting by the late Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., of "Dr. Guthrie Fishing on Lochlee."—There is also an admirable engraving by the same firm of Walery's photograph of Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. The letterpress is in keeping with the care and taste displayed in the artistic work.

A noticeable contribution to the *Newbury House Magazine* is the Rev. T. Moore's "Churchmen and the Making of the Next Parliament." It is to some extent an appeal for the formation of a Church party in the Legislature. "At the present time," he says, "we have a House of Commons indifferent or adverse to the Church; and, unless Churchmen arouse and bestir themselves, we shall have the next House of Commons utterly opposed to her, and committed to her Disestablishment and Disendowment."

The latest addition to periodical literature is a "Photographic Quarterly," edited by Charles W. Hastings. In this the Rev. T. Perkins gives some elementary hints "On the Production of Pictures by Photography."—Mr. A. M. Rossi discourses enthusiastically upon the "Influence of Photography upon Art," and encourages unsuccessful artists by telling of one who, after exhibiting for twelve years in succession in the Royal Academy, scored his first success in the thirteenth season with a picture painted from a photograph, and traced on the canvas by a lantern slide. His success encouraged him to persevere on this track, and "year after year his pictures are now hung in the Exhibition, and find ready purchasers."—Among other papers of interest are "Photo Micrography," by John Hall Edwards; "Chemistry and Photography," by C. H. Bothamley; and "Practical Development," by the Rev. W. Aston, LL.D.—The magazine contains a portrait of Mr. James

Glaisher, F.R.S., President of the Photographic Society; a view of Salisbury Cathedral, and various small illustrations.



THE TURF.—There was some unimportant racing at Hamilton Park and Lichfield last week. At the Scotch meeting the Duke of Montrose won a couple of races with Clanranald and Dazzle. Belfry won a Selling Race on the first day for Mr. J. Martin, and was then sold to Mr. Hayward for 160 guineas. Next day she scored again in her new owner's colours, and was then sold back to Mr. Martin for 215 guineas.—Mr. Abington rode five winners during the two days at Lichfield, but his followers were sorely hit when West Wind, on which 9 to 1 was laid, broke down in the Weeford Hunters' Selling Flat Race, and left Patsey to come in alone.

The Great Breeders' Foal Stakes was the great event at Kempton Park on Friday. Owing to the death of Lady Ossington, the Duke of Portland did not run Semolina, but the field of twenty-one runners included such good youngsters as Riviera (on whom "evens" were laid), Martagon, Loup, and Golden Gate. The race, however, fell to Dearest, by Hampton—Lady Tramp, by half a length, and Mr. Warren de la Rue thus secured the 6,500l. given for first prize. Riviera landed the second money, 1,500l.; Golden Gate the third, 1,000l.; and even Dame Margaret, placed fourth, credited her owner with the nice little sum of 500l. A more successful event from every point of view has rarely been decided. The winner was ridden by young George Chaloner. The only other important event was the Champion Nursery Handicap, which Lightfoot secured for Mr. Maple.

The Newmarket Second October Meeting began on Monday, when the Clearwell Stakes, which has been taken by so many good horses, fell to Mr. W. Low's Right Away, and the Post Produce Stakes to the Duke of Hamilton's Fear Disgrace. Next day Donovan made an example of Minthe, his solitary opponent in the Royal Stakes; and Ringmaster secured the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate. Lord Hartington was, for once in a way, in fortune's good looks. His Morion won the Severals Plate; and his Ronaldina just beat Normandy in the T.Y.C. Nursery Plate, for which there were twenty-one runners. On Wednesday, of course, the great event was the Middle Park Plate. The nine runners included Semolina, Le Nord, and Alloway; but of course Signorina, on the strength of her unbeaten record, was made favourite, and she justified expectation by winning in a common canter. Le Nord was second; and Golden Gate, as at Kempton, third. The Cesarewitch was set for decision on Thursday. Our account of it, therefore, must be left till next week.

To non-racing men, to whom all horses look alike, it must often be a matter of surprise that mistakes in equine identity do not more frequently take place. It will be remembered that there was a rumour that the great Bend Or was "changed at nurse" with an inferior horse named Tadcaster. Such an exchange has, however, really taken place in the case of Mortaigne and D'Orsay, two youngsters bought by Captain Machell from Mr. Simons Harrison, and it is officially announced that the horse which ran as Mortaigne is really D'Orsay, and vice versa.—The Surrey County Council has refused to renew the licence of the Woodside (Croydon) Racecourse. The present licence will, however, remain in force till next year.

FOOTBALL.—The first important encounter between Northern and Southern clubs will be witnessed to-day (Saturday) at the Oval, when the Casuals and Sunderland meet. The Casuals have a very strong team, and should give a good account of themselves. The most important League matches decided on Saturday last were at Preston, where the North Enders inflicted a heavy defeat upon West Bromwich Albion, and at Wolverhampton, where Accrington, which previously had not lost a match, succumbed to the local Wanderers. In the first round of the qualifying competition for the Association Cup, the most important results were the defeats of Chatham—who are evidently not up to their last year's form—by Crusaders, of Leek by Wednesbury Old Athletic, and of Old Harrovians by Norwich Thorpe. London Caledonians, for some unexplained reason, scratched to Clapton.

ROWING.—Hanlan has not yet lost all his old form. In a mile race, the other day, he defeated Albert Hamm, and he is now matched with Teemer for a race at the same distance.—O'Connor has returned to Toronto, and is being fêted and banqueted more like a victor than a vanquished. He wants Searle to row him in America, but there does not seem any likelihood of an encounter being arranged.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cummings and Darrin met in a mile race on Saturday. Darrin, who belongs to Sheffield, and is a very fine runner, led throughout, and was spurring away finely in the last lap when one of his shoes gave way, and he fell heavily, leaving Cummings to finish alone.—Mr. G. A. Blake, for the third year in succession, won the Plunging Championship at the Lambeth Baths on Monday. The Hundred Yards Amateur Swimming Championship fell to Mr. C. J. Lenton, of the Liverpool S.C.

NATIVES IN INDIA are objecting strongly to be described as "natives" in distinction to "Europeans." They wish to be called either collectively "Asiatics," or according to their race—Sikh, Hindoo, Parsee, &c. The word native is "directly offensive," so declares the *Indian Mirror*; which further laments that the people of India use the expression themselves, quietly submitting to this "badge and collar of our inferiority and servitude." The journal urges its fellow-countrymen to boycott the term "native" altogether, both in conversation and writing, besides asking the Government to eliminate the title from all Acts and Statutes, and to forbid its official use.

AUTUMN COLOURS AND DRESS NOVELTIES in Paris this season are largely inspired by the Exhibition. The most fashionable tint is the "Eiffel Tower," a reddish brown, exactly resembling the colour of M. Eiffel's famous production, while the shape of the tower is copied in embroidery for the bodices. Other hues are a delicate blue, "central dome;" the "Manola" yellow, an orange tone, and the "Torero" red, from the Spanish section; and the "Nile-green," rather a dull, muddy shade, from the Cairo street. Amongst dress materials appear the "Buffalo Bill" cashmere, a mixture of gay tints such as the Indians wear; and the "illuminated fountains brocade," a handsome shot material.

PRINCE BISMARCK is much better in health this autumn than for several years past, notwithstanding the chronic trouble in his leg. He is able to eat and drink freely, sleeps well, and does not need to take a course of waters either at Kissingen or Gastein. Whilst at Friedrichsruhe he drives and rides for long distances, always going out in the morning after he has despatched his most urgent correspondence. He lunches at 2 P.M. with his family, generally reading letters and telegrams during the meal, and then works in his study till he takes a second walk or drive. Dinner follows at 7, after which Prince Bismarck settles down on a small sofa to smoke three large porcelain pipes and read the newspapers. He joins in the conversation, and goes to bed long before 10 o'clock.

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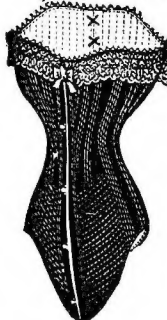
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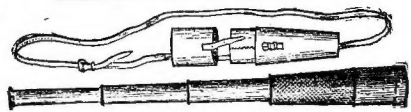
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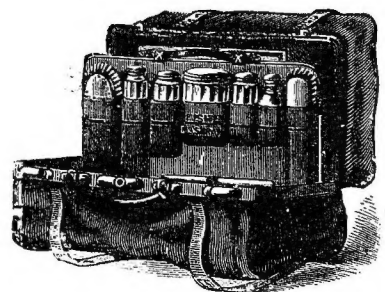
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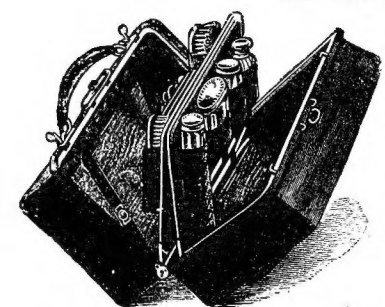
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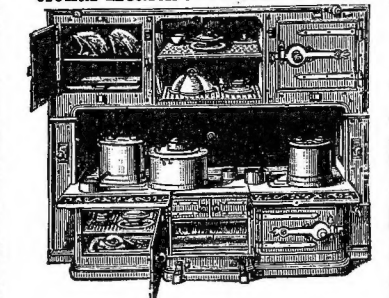
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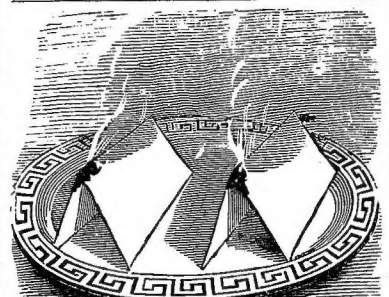
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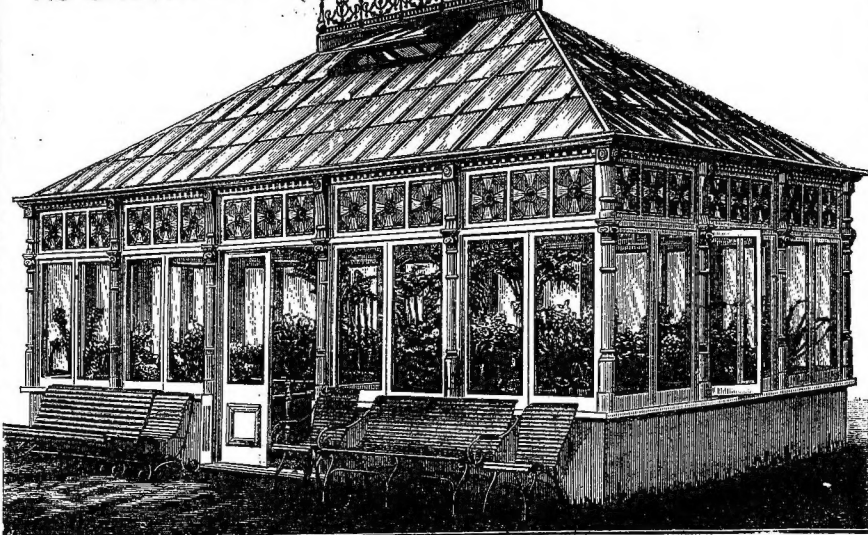
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